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FROM

Miss J. Jameson

Guilty Or Not Guilty;

or,

A Lesson for Husbands.

A Tale.

By Ann of Swansea.

Vol. III.

**London:
Printed for
A. K. Newman and Co.
Leadenhall-Street.**

1822.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.



A TALE.

VOT HI
IV

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

18491-4.30



Miss J. Jamieson

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GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

CHAPTER I.

——And he went the way to her house, in the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night.

And behold there met him a woman in the attire of an harlot, and subtle of heart.

With her much fair speech she caused him to yield; with the flattery of her lips she forced him.

For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil:

But her end is bitter as wormwood, and sharp as a two-edged sword.

He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool goeth to the correction of the stocks.

Till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life.—*Proverbs.*

Effects of Inebriation—Disappointment—A Lady's Bower—More Disappointments—An Enchantress—The Fever of the Senses not Love—A Bride rejected—An Escape.

WITH a brain heated by the "Tuscan grape," Edmund Ormville left the countess

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of Clarisford's masquerade, and, impelled by curiosity, leaped into the carriage, where he expected to meet the bewitching incognita already seated: what was his disappointment to find himself alone! He felt for the check-string, but there was none; he attempted to let down the glasses—they were fastened, and the doors resisted his utmost efforts to open them. The precaution used to prevent his escape filled him with unpleasant suspicions, but all that remained for him was to wait patiently the termination of the adventure. The carriage proceeded at so rapid a rate, that he could not even guess which way he was going; and when, after about two hours' driving, it stopped, and the door was opened, he saw he was in the courtyard of an old-fashioned mansion. On his inquiring where he was, a well-dressed man requested him to alight, and informed him that his lady was quite impatient for his arrival. To Mr. Ormville's question of—"Who is your lady?" the man replied —"I have

—“I have orders to conduct you to her presence.”

The fumes of the wine had by this time evaporated, and Ornvill, who suspected he had followed some *intriguante* of quality, began to be sensible that he had done wrong in suffering his heated imagination to lead him so far; but the servant urged him to enter, and the idea that his want of gallantry would expose him to future ridicule got the better of his more prudent resolves, and he followed his conductor across a spacious hall, and up a magnificent staircase, to an apartment furnished with voluptuous elegance. On a beautifully-inlaid table, jellies, fruit, and wine, were placed; and on a silver salver lay a note addressed to Edmund Ornvill, esquire. —“What can all this mean?” said he, finding himself the sole occupier of the apartment—“perhaps this billet will explain.”

Its contents ran thus:—

“ Be not offended, after the step I have taken, that I feel unable to see you to-night; judge me favourably, I entreat you. The door opposite to that you entered, by leads to a bedchamber prepared for your reception; sleep happily, and dream of her who will certainly see you to-morrow.”

“ So then,” exclaimed Orville, “ I have followed a meteor, that disappears at the moment I think it within my reach, and leaves me to my own reflections, which, to say the truth, are not of the most pleasant nature—I am led hither only to be disappointed.”

“ So much the better,” whispered Reason—“ depart instantly.”

But when he sought for a bell, he could find none; and on trying the door, he discovered he was a prisoner. Roused to anger, he beat violently on the door and called aloud, but no one answered; and by the
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the profound silence that reigned around, he concluded that every person had retired to rest. Severely did he blame his own folly, that had involved him in so unpleasant a situation, and for some time he resolved not to enter the bedchamber; but at last growing fatigued and sleepy, he threw open the door, and found the couch prepared for his repose, and the decorations of the apartment of equal and correspondent elegance with the one he had quitted.

Though out of temper with himself, for having so imprudently followed the impulse of his passions, he threw himself on the bed, where, in spite of the severity with which he censured his own folly, he soon fell into a sound sleep. In the morning he awoke with the headache—the effect of the last night's inebriation; but this did not prevent his quitting his bed, being anxious to return home, if possible, before lord Austincourt left his chamber. His masquerade habit had vanished, and he

found clean linen and every necessary arranged on the dressing-table. His toilet was soon made, and he entered the apartment to which he had been first introduced: here he found breakfast prepared, and a small silver bell on the table, to which he instantly applied; but, to his infinite surprise, instead of any person entering to receive his commands, the table sunk through an aperture in the floor, and presently returned with the addition of an inkstand, pens, and paper, on a sheet of which appeared the words—"Write your wishes."

Ornville found the door still remained fastened, and in much perturbation of mind he wrote—"I wish to be allowed to depart immediately."

The table again sunk, and having remained a few seconds, returned with a slip of paper, on which was written—"The impression I made is indeed weak, if you desire to depart without seeing me. Does the world speak truth, when it reports that

that you are insensible to woman? If you wish me to believe that it represents you falsely, take your breakfast, and be patient."

Finding that he was actually a prisoner, and must wait till the caprice of a female chose to liberate him, he sat down and took his breakfast. Having finished, he wrote a request to know how long his confinement was to continue. He was answered, that would depend entirely on himself. He then begged an explanation, declaring himself extremely anxious to put an end to a confinement, which, being solitary, was extremely unpleasant. To this no answer was returned; but the breakfast-things being removed, the table reappeared, covered with newspapers and books.

The mind of Orville was too much discomposed to read, and a thousand times he blamed himself for having gone, against his better judgment, to lady Clarisford's masquerade; and tormented himself with

lord Austincourt's uneasiness, and the different opinions his friends would form of his extraordinary absence—equally extraordinary to himself as it would appear to the world. Miss Fitzallan, what would be her ideas of his conduct? would she not imagine him engaged in some illicit amour? and would not her pure mind despise and condemn him? It was not possible perhaps to escape from the window—they were strongly fastened down; and when Mr. Ornvillle recollected the staircase he had ascended, he concluded they must be many feet from the ground.—Again he reflected, if he had been brought there to meet a female, why did she not appear, and put an end to his perplexity? —“ But whatever might have been my feelings last night,” said Ornvillle, “ I am now thoroughly cured of my imprudent curiosity.”

As he spoke, a creaking noise met his ear; he turned round, and beheld his incognita—her long fair hair classically wreathed

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ed round her head, and a robe of snowy muslin enfolding her symmetrical form; but a mask still concealed her features, and a screen of gilded network divided the luxurious *boudoir* in which she stood from his apartment.

“Enchantress!” exclaimed Ornville, eagerly pressing her extended hand, “do I again behold you?”

“I ought to have continued your punishment much longer,” replied the mask — “you do not yet deserve to behold me, you have been so impatient.”

“What man,” replied Ornville, “could have the stoicism to be patient under such circumstances?—But why this provoking mask? why this barrier? Have you brought me hither only to tantalize me?”

“I have brought you hither,” returned the incognita, “to convince myself whether, as report affirms, your heart is really an icicle.”

“No, by Heaven!” replied Ornville, “my heart at this moment glows with all

the ardour of passion. Let me see your face, for if it is of equal beauty with your form——”

“You would gaze on it for a moment,” interrupted the mask, “turn from it with indifference, and forget it.”

“Impossible!” returned Ornvile——“I swear——”

The incognita flew to her harp, and running her ivory fingers gracefully over the strings, sung——

“Men will swear, but do not heed
Their oaths so fondly taken;
When they smile and earnest plead,
Let it doubt awaken.

“Love is fair, but, ah! 'tis true,
His smiles are all deceiving;
Many hearts he makes to rue
The folly of believing.

“I could love, if I were sure
You'd think my heart worth prizing;
But my pride could ne'er endure
The thought of your despising.”

The song ceased, the harp was silent, and the incognita pensively bending over it,

it, seemed abashed by the confession her song had made.

Ornville was lost in admiration—the poetry and the music appeared to him to be the spontaneous effusions of an elegant cultivated mind—the brilliant impromptus of genius and sensibility.—“Wonderful creature!” exclaimed he, “who can gaze upon that form, and listen to the entrancing melody of that voice, without being sensible of emotions of mingled admiration and tenderness? Remove, I entreat you, that mask from your face, and let your beauty rivet the chains your talents have thrown upon my senses.”

“Suppose I am not beautiful,” replied the incognita—“are your feelings so sensual, that only complexion and feature can attach you? I have seen many men that my eyes declared handsomer than you, yet, wanting the mind, the attainments of Edmund Ornville, they appeared to me only as breathing statues, on which I could gaze with pleasure, but could never love.

Need I tell you, who are so well informed, that it is not in the bloom of a cheek, or the sparkle of an eye, you are to look for happiness in a wedded life?—it is in the virtues, the affection of the woman of your choice.”

“Most true,” said Ornvill; “and, with your understanding and your genius, cold indeed must be the heart that could not love you, though your face were really homely. But, to convince me, let me behold it.”

“Suppose,” said the mask, “I tell you I have unfortunately lost one of my eyes?”

“Then the remaining one,” replied Ornvill, “must assuredly be a sun, and with devotion ardent and sincere as that of a Persian I will adore it. Trifle no longer with my feelings, I beseech you; suffer me to remove this hateful mask.”

“To-morrow,” said the incognita, and in an instant a sliding partition covered the gilt screen.

Ornvill stood as if enchanted, the voluptuously-

luptuously-furnished *boudoir*, the form of beauty, had vanished, and he was many moments before he could release his mind from the delightful spell. her voice, her graceful manner, and her conversation, had thrown over it. A burning curiosity to know who this accomplished creature could be seized him, and while he thought of Rosella Fitzallan as utterly unattainable to his hopes, his wishes, wild and tumultuous, seemed to ~~fix~~ on the fair unknown. Her purpose, if he understood her right, was marriage; she talked of virtue, but how was he to believe her virtuous, who had so greatly overstepped the modesty of her sex, in luring him by stratagem to her house, and, unsought and unsolicited, had openly avowed her love for him? Yet were not these ideas the suggestions of narrow prejudice; custom had indeed prescribed certain boundaries for female conduct, within which they were instructed and constrained to subdue and conceal their wishes; but if a noble,

noble, liberal-minded female, disdainful of this tyranny, and spurning an unnatural control, should burst the restriction, and avow, with generous, noble freedom, the preference of her heart, was she, for her candour, to be considered wanting in delicacy and destitute of virtue? Forbid it, humanity! forbid it, gratitude! Thus argued self-love; for had not the incognita confessed a passion for him? And what young man of three-and-twenty, with warm feelings and rather romantic sentiments, could despise, or fail to find an excuse for a female, whose very imprudence was the result of her strong affection for him? Imagination is ever more vivid and glowing than reality, and Orville persuaded himself that the mask of the incognita concealed a face moulded by the graces; her voice too had thrilling tones and cadences in speaking, that sunk into the heart, and awakened all its pulses. He had heard a voice like it—he had seen a figure too which hers resembled, and hair
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of the same colour—of nearly, if not quite equal, luxuriance; if it were she—but no, it was impossible—from childhood he had known the countess of Clarisford: she was indeed accomplished, but she had not the mind, the soul of feeling, the touching sensibility, that was evinced in every word and action of this wonderful creature; neither had she the inexpressible grace that accompanied every movement of the fair unknown, and which he had never seen possessed but by one other female, and that was Rosella Fitzalan.

Having totally rejected the idea of the incognita being lady Clarisford, and his eyes and ears being no longer assailed by the witcheries of beauty, his reason began to suggest the utter improbability that any female of virtuous reputation would decoy him to a mansion, the remote situation of which seemed intended to evade all observation, furnished in a style of voluptuous magnificence, where luxurious couches, paintings, and marbles, all seem-
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ed intended to fever the passions, and promote indulgences which chastity would consider criminal; it seemed too as if purposely contrived and intended to carry on an intrigue; or why the moving floor and sliding panels?—"Yes, it must be so," said Orville; "and in what a disgraceful situation I am placed—allured hither by a practised wanton—kept here the slave of her caprice! Had my brain been cool, had I not drunk too much wine, I had never fallen into this snare."

——— "Oh that man
Should put an enemy in his mouth,
To steal away his brains!"

And what are this seductive creature's intentions? she cannot hope to lure me into marriage. How am I to liberate myself from this prison?"

Mr. Orville's unpleasant reflections were interrupted by the appearance of dinner; a table covered with the most delicate viands rose through the floor; the silver belt was also there, and writing materials.

materials. The agitation of his mind and confinement, to which he was unaccustomed, deprived him of appetite; he wrote a request to be permitted to depart, alleging, as an excuse for his impatience, the extreme uneasiness his absence would occasion his friends, and the absolute necessity of exercise to his health.

The table descended with the viands scarcely touched, and in about a quarter of an hour he saw the door of the chamber where he had slept slowly open. Eager to gain a sight of some person whom he might interest to assist him to escape, Mr. Orville was instantly in the chamber. No person was visible, but a small door, which, being one of the panels of the room, had not engaged his notice, was open, and passing through it, he entered a spacious gallery, hung with portraits and paintings, which, had his mind been in a less perturbed state, would have arrested his attention; but the windows, through which the sun yet darted his cheerful

cheerful beams, alone attracted Ormville; he instantly threw them open, and felt his throbbing temples refreshed by the cool air. His anxious eyes gazed on a delightful distant prospect of hill and dale and cultivated meadows, while the nearest view presented elegant villas ornamenting the banks of a majestic river, whose rolling waters washed the walls of his prison. —“Certainly boats sometimes pass this way,” thought Ormville; “and I may see some compassionate being who will promote my liberation.” But although he remained leaning from the window till the shadows of night enveloped the landscape, no living object met his view, except the tenants of the air, the warbling their hymns to departing light, had fluttered past him as they sought their nests.

It being nearly dark, Mr. Ormville returned to the drawing-room, where a cheerful fire blazed, and lights were placed in the superb candelabras. His own thoughts were impatient and resentful;

ful; he seized a book to beguile the time; it was a volume of old romances; for some time he turned over the leaves, without attending to the subject, till his eye was caught by a passage which he thought coincident with his own situation:—

“And the fairy gaz’d on this youthful knight,

And she tried to win his love;

But his heart was cold, and to beauty’s fold

He did proud and scornful prove.

“And she bore him away to fairy land,

And she lodg’d him in her bow’r;

And she bound him fast, and long to last,

In spells of magical pow’r.

“And there was dancing with fairy feet,

Beneath the silver moonlight,

And there, as was meet, was music sweet,

To gladden his spirits delight.”

“And I,” said Orville, “could almost fancy myself in fairy land; for thus far the hero of this tale and myself have had similar adventures.”

Again his eye sought the page, but the sliding back of the partition made him throw aside the book. The *boudoir* was illuminated,

illuminated; and the incognita appeared before him in the silver robe she wore at the masquerade, her hair confined with chaplets of roses.—“I did not intend,” said she, “seeing you again till to-morrow, but I feared you would be lonely, and I came to——”

“Torture me,” interrupted Ornvillle.

“Not so,” replied she, in a voice of melting tenderness; “I came with a wish to give you pleasure. But if my presence is disagreeable—if you prefer being alone——”

“Remove that tantalizing mask,” said Ornvillle, “or suffer me at once to depart: already my brain burns, and my frame is fevered.”

“If I suffered you to depart,” replied the incognita, “I should defeat my own purpose. I brought you here——”

She paused, and Ornvillle impatiently asked—“For what purpose?”

In a voice apparently suppressed by delicate timidity, she answered—“To teach you, if possible, to love me.”

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As she spoke, she leaned against the gilded screen, and her hand, small and white as ivory, passed through the network. Orville repeatedly pressed his lips upon it.—“Already, enchantress,” said he—“already you have fascinated my senses to love; you were an easy task. Let me, I entreat you—let me see your face.”

“I dare not,” replied the incognita, “because I fear it has not sufficient attraction; though I will proudly tell you it has been admired. But what is beauty?—at best a secondary object to a mind like yours, which must have more than roseate bloom and sparkling eyes to engage and secure its affections. Could I be certain of your love, all disguise would cease, and you should behold the face of her who has used uncommon means to subjugate an uncommon heart—a cold one too, or the world mistakes it.”

“The world,” returned Orville, “is ever erroneous in its opinions: could you
now

now feel the tumultuous throbbings of my heart, you would not believe it cold."

"But how," resumed the incognita—"how shall I be certain it throbs for me?"

"Let me pass this provoking barrier," said Ornvill, shaking the gilded screen, "and at your feet——"

"I fear," interrupted the incognita, gravely—"I fear the enthusiasm of my character has led me into error, and you into a mistake. If you believe, Mr. Ornvill, that I brought you here to gratify a licentious passion, you are indeed deceived; I am of rank equal to your own, my reputation is unblemished, and I am placed by fortune above the necessity of a venal wish. That I love you is most certain, but it is with a chaste and holy passion. My purpose in bringing you hither was honourable, though, misled by a romantic mind, I may in your eyes appear what I blush to think of."

The incognita sunk on an ottoman, and appeared to weep; Ornvill was but mortal

tal man—he wished to kiss the tears from her eyes, which he believed “lights that mislead the morn;” his heart was strangely affected, but its sensations were of a different nature to those inspired by Rosella Fitzallan; he would gladly have soothed the agitated fair one, but he feared to say more or less than was proper, and he remained silent.

At length recovering composure, she continued—“I trust, Mr. Ormville, I have removed from your mind any ideas you might have formed prejudicial to my virtue; and I entreat you to be candid, and inform me whether you are at liberty to dispose of your hand, if you should hereafter find, when you see my face——” She hesitated, as if restrained by modesty.

“Yes,” replied Ormville—“yes—on my honour, I am at liberty; for to no female, as yet, have I ever made a vow of love.—But shall I be less candid than yourself? and will you not be convinced that love is a voluntary passion? it comes not to
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our back—it obeys not our will; and the restraint you impose upon me, thus making me your prisoner, by creating impatience and resentment in my mind, prevents the graces of your form, the brilliancy of your genius and accomplishments, from impressing my heart with the sentiments they might inspire were I at liberty; the mystery too that surrounds you, the concealment of your face, all operate against my suffering my affections to be engaged; for what confidence can I repose in the honour of a person whose conduct proves a doubt of mine?"

The incognita sighed—"We will speak on this subject again," said she, as if anxious to evade it.

"Nay, we will speak this very now," resumed Orville; "already I have passed one night from my home, and I entreat of your love, if I may really believe you sincere in your professions, that you will now permit my departure; lord Austin-court, I am certain, is extremely uneasy
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on my account, and his health is unfortunately so bad, that impatience and suspense may be fatal to him. I will bind myself to secrecy on what is past by any oath you may require, and I will pledge you my word of honour to attend any appointment you may honour me with—only suffer me now to take my leave.”

The bosom of the incognita heaved—she seemed affected.—“ I wish,” replied she, “ it was in my power to accede to your request; but it is impossible: a few days will——”

“ A few days, madam!” repeated Orville, angrily; “ surely you do not mean to say——”

“ I shall only say good-night!” replied the incognita; “ may dreams of happiness hover over your pillow.” The closing partition instantly shut her from his sight.

Near a month had passed, and Orville, a prey to disappointment and contending passions, every day saw and conversed with the incognita; frequently he parted

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from her in resentment; for, in spite of all her blandishments, she failed to reconcile him to confinement, or to silence his demand to be set at liberty. Sometimes she read to him, with inimitable grace, such passages from the poets as spoke of the felicity attending reciprocal love in wedded life; sometimes she would sing to the harp or the lute, canzonets expressive of devoted passion, agonizing with the doubt of not being beloved again; sometimes she danced before him, and gave to his enraptured gaze the contour of her fine-turned limbs in a thousand beautiful and seducing attitudes; then engaging him in conversation, she would charm him with the playfulness of her wit, or astonish him with the depth of her understanding; but still the gilded screen separated them, and the mask concealed her face. Constantly as his dinner-table vanished, he found the partition withdrawn, and a rich dessert placed in the *boudoir* of the *incognita*, from which she would select

lect a beautiful bunch of grapes or a ripe sunny nectarine, and passing her rose-tipped fingers through the net-work, present them to Ornvill, whose passions, even while his reason condemned, acknowledged the charm of her blandishments; sometimes she would press her lip on the crystal goblet, and then offer him the wine, and seizing her lute, would sing:—

“Bacchus, 'neath the night-star's gleam,
Oft I've quaff'd the regal stream;
Yet amid the mirthful flow,
Still I felt a restless glow—
A wish around my brow to twine
Myrtles with thy purple vine.”

“And such are my wishes,” exclaimed Ornvill. “Enchantress! goddess! how much longer is this cruel probation to last? when will you consider my heart sufficiently subdued? when will you remove that hateful covering from your face?”

“Ornvill,” replied the incognita, “the concealment I have imposed upon myself

ought to prove to you that I place no value or reliance on my features. Yes," added she, sighing, "I have been flattered; but I wish that you should love me independent of personal charms, which sickness or accident may impair or destroy—I wish you to love my mind—to be won by those endowments that time cannot change or age wither; and I am also anxious to convince you, that a woman may devote her time and talents to the securing the heart she dearly prizes, and yet remain undeviatingly virtuous. More than a month has passed, Orville, and you have seen me continually—you have assailed me with all the rhetoric of youthful persuasion; and none but those impassioned as I am can tell how hard it is to deny the requests of a beloved object; yet have you never found me weak, or forgetful of the precepts of virtue."

"I confess," replied Orville, "you have been cruel and inflexible."

"Could you read what passes in my heart,

heart, Orville," resumed the incognita, "you would not think so harshly of me. But I find it is time we should come to an *eclaircissement*. One simple question; Orville, if I could be certain of your sincerity—one simple question would end the mystery of my conduct; dare I ask it?"

"Speak, I conjure you," replied Orville, "and rely on my sincerity."

"Answer me then, Orville, with truth and honour," said the incognita—"do you love me?"

"Most devotedly," returned Orville.

The incognita sighed, and remained for a moment as if greatly agitated; at length, with a faltering voice, she said—"Dearest Orville, so much depends on the removing this mask, that it will either make me the happiest of women, or devote me to unceasing wretchedness. Could I but be certain——"

"Of this you may be certain," replied Orville, "that, were your face ever so plain,

plain, it could not efface the recollection of your grace, your genius, and accomplishments. Remove the tormenting shade at once, and suffer me to behold the features that receive animation from a mind so highly gifted."

"No, not to-night," said the incognita; "give me this one night to prepare for what I must consider the most important crisis of my life."

"You delight to prolong my sufferings," returned Ornvile.

"You wrong me," replied the incognita; "for I can form no higher notion of bliss than contributing to your happiness. But I tremble at my own temerity, and must have this one night to fortify my mind, and enable it to bear either excess of joy or excess of misery."

"To-morrow then," said Ornvile, "I rely on your promise to remove all mystery."

"Yes, to-morrow I promise," replied the incognita; "but remember, Ornvile, the

the woman whose love for you has carried her beyond the customs and forms of the world, but not beyond the precincts of virtue, will, when she shews you her face, commit her reputation and her happiness to your honour and your love."

"Rely on both," said Ornvile, covering her hand with kisses.

After these promises were exchanged, the spirits of the incognita were less animated, but there was a tender diffidence in her manner, a pensiveness in her voice, more touching and attractive than all her wit and gaiety.

Having bade him good-night, her arm accidentally touched the harp, and produced a low melancholy sound.—"Of what," said the incognita, "is that note presageful?"

"Of happiness, I trust," replied Ornvile.

"If Heaven," said she, "will listen to the supplications of a devoted heart, you will be happy."

She then passed her fingers over the harp, and having struck a few notes, sang, in a mournful voice—

"May'st thou be happy, love, whatever

Stern fate ordains for me!

From ev'ry woe and ev'ry care

Still be thy bosom free!

"With bended knee I'll beg of Heav'n

On thee life's joys to pour;

And if that dearest boon is giv'n,

My heart will ask no more."

The voice of the incognita faltered, she appeared overcome; and as if unwilling that Orville should witness her agitation, she waved her hand, and the partition closed.

"Is this art, or is it really tenderness and sensibility?" said Orville. "Is this woman an angel or a devil? If the former, do I—can I love her?"

He then began to probe his heart, where the image of Rosella Fitzallan still reigned the sovereign of its affections, but she had never evinced for him the slightest partiality; and if, on beholding the face of
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this romantic creature, who had gone such lengths to obtain his love, he should find her to be, as she had boasted, of unblemished reputation and of rank equal to his own, should he not be bound in honour to offer her his hand? On this point Orville could not satisfy himself, and he even thought, if she was a woman of delicacy, she would believe any professions of love he could make insincere in his present circumstances. When he beheld the graceful form of the incognita—when his ear drank the rich warblings of her voice, and he heard her, in glowing language, paint the excess of her passion for him, he felt emotions ardent as her own—his brain heated with the romance of her descriptions of reciprocal tenderness, he fancied he could adore her; but in her absence the spell ceased, the boiling tumult of his bosom became calm, and he doubted whether his honour or his happiness would be safe in the keeping of a woman who had proved to him that she had violent pas-

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sions, and to what lengths inclination would lead her to forget propriety. Certainly she had been extremely circumspect in not allowing him any greater favour than kissing her hand; but did not the screen that had constantly separated them imply a doubt of her own virtue? and, lovely and graceful as she was, Rosella Fitzallan was equally so, though the timidity and modesty of her disposition deterred her from displaying her elegant form and beautifully-rounded limbs in the voluptuous attitudes assumed by the incognita in her dances. The passion Ormville felt for her was altogether sensual, while the image of Rosella Fitzallan was enshrined in the closest recesses of his heart—a sainted treasure, that no impure thought or unhallowed desire could approach.

When Ormville recollected the weeks that had elapsed since his confinement in the bewitching of the enchantress, indignation was the predominant feeling of his bosom—his

—his reason and his honour reproached him with having submitted too easily to a seclusion which must have given his friends uneasiness and alarm; he despised himself for the effeminacy in which he had passed his time, and having neglected to seek the means of escape from what, in spite of the charms of the incognita, he could not help considering disgraceful confinement; but the morrow would, he hoped, put an end to it—the morrow would restore him to liberty.

The next morning, when he left his chamber, he found a note on his breakfast-table :—

“ I have passed a night of sleepless agitation; in spite of vanity, I feel it possible that my features may displease you, and this fear would induce me still longer to conceal them, in order to prolong the happiness I have enjoyed in your society; but I have promised, and you shall

shall be gratified—yes, adored Ormville! “in the evening you shall be conducted to her who exists but in the hope of your love.”

“How dreadfully tedious,” said Ormville, having read the note, “will this day pass! how long will every hour appear, till my fate is decided, and I quit my prison!—Does it depend then on this interview to decide my fate?” continued he, musing—“certainly not; for though this mysterious woman has by her arts inflamed my senses, she has failed to secure my respect; and were there no other impediment, her being my superior in fortune would be quite sufficient, for never could I condescend to be indebted for a splendid appearance to the wealth of a wife.”

The day passed heavily with Ormville; he paced the long gallery with restless steps—he leaned from the lofty windows, and watched the majestic Thames gliding between

between the green banks that confined its swelling waters, and, had any means offered, would gladly have escaped the expected interview, which he had so long and ardently desired, but now, considered with cool judgment, promised only disappointment to himself and mortification to the incognita.

The evening closed in dark, and the wind, in loud gusts, shook the windows, seeming, to his disturbed fancy, the pre-sage of a storm which himself should have to encounter. Again he read the billet of the incognita, and the words, "you shall be conducted to me," made him sensible of the folly of turning his eyes so often to the partition drawn over the gilded screen. At last he heard footsteps—the door by which he had first entered unclosed, and he beheld, with great joy, the only human face, except his own, he had seen for many tedious weeks.

A servant out of livery said he had orders to conduct him to his lady.

"And

“And who,” asked Ornvillle, impatiently—“who is your lady? what is her name?”

The man smiled.—“Can it be possible,” said he, “that you have that to learn?—But, your pardon, sir—I am instructed in my duty—it is to be silent.” He then preceded Ornvillle to the door of an apartment that stood a little open; the servant bade him enter, closed the door, and departed.

This apartment was even more luxuriously furnished than the *boudoir* in which he had been used to see the incognita; transparent marble lamps shed a soft light over pale blue and silver draperies, that hung in light and elegant folds, and disclosed beneath their festoons antique vases, filled with glowing roses and other flowers of vivid colour and odorous scent. For a moment Ornvillle believed himself alone; but a gently-breathed sigh drew his attention to a recess, where he beheld a female figure reclining on a blue velvet ottoman,
the

the elbows of which, in massy silver, represented the fabled sphinx; a crocodile of the same expensive material formed a tabouret, on which rested a slender foot, cased in a plain white satin slipper. As Orville approached, she started up: he thought he beheld the incognita—her features shaded by a veil loosely thrown over her luxuriant tresses. As he clasped her unreluctant hand, it trembled in his—her head sunk on his shoulder; and while with one arm he supported her almost-fainting form, with the other hand he drew aside the veil, and beheld a face, beautiful indeed, but, to him, most repelling; the bright azure eye, the rich coral lip, the complexion of rose and lily exquisitely blended, gave him no emotion of rapture; coldly releasing her from his embrace, he uttered—"Astonishment!—lady Clarisford!"

The chilly glance he threw upon her, the altered tone in which he spoke, convinced her she had nothing to hope from his

his love; yet pride made her unwilling to believe herself absolutely rejected, and she replied—“Yes, Edmund, you indeed behold your cousin Georgina, whose hand you refused when offered to you by Mrs. Lutteridge. Never, Edmund, never can you conceive what that rejection cost me; but you may judge how much you were, and have continued to be, beloved, by the steps I have taken to win your regard.”

Ornville listened, but though at times there were tones in her voice similar to those with which his ear had so many weeks been accustomed, yet he was convinced she was not the incognita, and he replied rather resentfully—“The steps you have taken, madam, are certainly very extraordinary, nor can I understand the necessity for having made me a prisoner.”

“Yes, Edmund,” said she, “there was a necessity: you have avoided my society—you have appeared to me to have no heart, or at least as determined to allow me no place—
place—

place in its affections: I perceived, you were prejudiced against me,—and, I confess, not without reason, for, disappointed in my first tender wishes, pride and resentment hurried me into a marriage with the earl of Clarisford; and in the vain attempt to banish you from my thoughts, I plunged into dissipation—I became giddy and frivolous as the beings with whom I associated. When I was again at liberty, you were still unmarried, and the romantic wish revived that I might yet subdue your heart. I brought you hither, Edmund, to make you acquainted with my real character—to prove to you that the mind you had despised possessed the attainments you professed to admire; and, reason of still higher import, I brought you hither to convince you that the heart you had rejected was capable of an exalted passion, and that it could love but you alone.”

Every word lady Clarisford uttered convinced Orville that her speech was a studied

died one, and that she was not the person who, with the witchery of her genius and accomplishments, had so often bewildered his senses and inflamed his passions; neither did her ladyship's figure, in all points, agree with that of the incognita: he perceived she designed to make him the dupe of a deep-laid stratagem, and he replied, disdainfully—"Your double, madam, has performed her part *à-merveille*; but while I confess I have been greatly entertained and delighted by her genius and accomplishments, I cannot suffer you to think that I believe my incognita and the countess of Clarisford the same person."

"Still insensible and incredulous!" said the countess; "and is it possible, Orville, that my devoted, long-cherished love awakens no answering sentiment of tenderness in your bosom? Why are your eyes thus coldly averted? Look on me—the public voice has called me handsome."

"And to that opinion I subscribe," returned Orville,

"To

"To what then," asked lady Clarisford, "do you object?"

"We cannot command our affections," replied Ornvile.

"Have you no ambition?" demanded the countess; "does wealth offer no inducement?"

"None, madam," returned he; "for I am neither ambitious nor mercenary."

"Let love then prevail," said the countess—"for your sake, Edmund, I have rejected many noble suitors; and remember, before you saw my face, how often you have vowed you loved me!—Alas! what is there in my features so displeasing?"

"In your features," replied Ornvile, "nothing is displeasing; they are sufficiently beautiful to satisfy the most fastidious taste."

"Why then do you reject my offered hand?" asked lady Clarisford.

"Because I cannot with honour accept it," returned Ornvile.

"With

"With honour!" repeated she, haughtily; "what infringement of honour can there be in a marriage with the countess of Clarisford? Did you not tell me you had never professed yourself the lover of any woman? you cannot therefore plead a prior engagement."

"I will not deny that I made that declaration to the lady in the mask," replied Orville. "But, to be sincere with you, lady Clarisford, I am so perfectly acquainted with myself, that I am certain you must be miserable were I to take advantage of the partiality you profess for me; and I again declare, my honour will not allow me to become your husband: and now let the farce conclude. For many weeks you have kept me in a state of enchantment: your Armida is a most delightful actress, and possesses talent enough, without the aid of beauty, to captivate a thousand hearts; but, strong as the resemblance is that exists between you, the incognita and lady Clarisford are two distinct persons."

The

The beautiful face of the countess was distorted by passion as she exclaimed—
“Cold-hearted, insensible being! do you presume to think——”

“Be calm, madam, for your own sake,” interrupted Orville; “to think is one thing—to be certain another. But as the pantomime is over, I request you will allow me to depart.”

“To report me to the world!” exclaimed lady Clarisford—“to expose me to the ridicule of wretches cold and heartless as yourself!—to render me hateful in the eyes of my father, and despicable in the idea of the prudish Miss Fitzallan!”

“It appears by this suspicion, madam,” replied Orville, “you know but little of my character. Though I am not your dupe, and own myself displeased with the arts that have been practised on me, yet, if my sense of honour did not prevent my disclosing the ‘secrets of my prison-house,’ my respect for general Fitzallan would ensure my silence, on a subject
that,

that, if disclosed, must injure the reputation of his daughter."

The countess smiled disdainfully as she replied—"That injury I will take effectual means to prevent."

"You do not mean to make me your prisoner in reality?" asked Ornvile.

"Yes, ingrate, cold and obdurate!" returned lady Clarisford; "that revenge is in my power, and I will exercise it, unless you accept my hand, which, forgetful of wounded pride, my love again offers you."

"Why, madam," said Ornvile, "will you thus disgrace yourself, and compel me to say I cannot love you?"

"Fool! coxcomb! man without heart!" raved the countess, "having refused my love, you shall feel my hate; for never, I swear, while I have life—never shall you quit this mansion—never shall you have it in your power to tell the world you have rejected a second time the hand of the countess of Clarisford." She then rang a bell, and on the appearance of a servant, she

she bade him conduct the gentleman to his apartment; then turning to Orville, said, with a contemptuous smile—"Farewell, man of ice! man without heart! In this house I command, nor do I doubt the fidelity of those whose interest it is to obey me." She then left the room.

The servant stood with a taper in his hand, ready to light him to his apartment, to whom Orville said—"I insist that you immediately shew me out of this infernal house."

The man shook his head, and laid his finger on his lip; he then placed his hand on his heart, and with respectful action invited Orville to follow him.

The wind was loud, the rain beat heavily against the windows, and it occurred to Orville that, in the darkness of such a night, were he permitted to depart, he should not know which way to direct his steps. In the countenance of the man who waited to conduct him to his chamber, he fancied he could read a disposition to

to befriend him, and he bade him lead on. Having entered his former apartment, the man bowed, and was retiring: the only thing of value Ornaville had about his person was a brilliant brooch—he drew it from his bosom, and shewing it to the servant, said—“These, my friend, are valuable diamonds; assist me to escape, and the brooch is yours.”

The man, by signs, made Ornaville understand that he was dumb. Ornaville asked him if he could write. He shook his head, pointed to the bedchamber, bowed, and left the room, drawing the door after him, which Ornaville was not quick enough to prevent his fastening. Again made a prisoner, he unsparingly execrated his own ungoverned curiosity, his own vanity; that had made him fall so readily into the snare spread for him by an artful, unprincipled woman.

For near a week after his interview with the countess of Clarisford, Mr. Ornaville saw no person; his meals were regularly

larly served, but no materials for writing ever appeared; and though he kept a constant watch on the door of his bedchamber, he could never surprise the person who arranged the apartment; nor, in his visits to the gallery, did he ever encounter a human being. With the assistance of a knife, he contrived to force the fastening from one of the windows of the outward apartment; it opened on a garden, fenced round with high walls, the tops of which were defended by an iron *chevaux-de-frise*; and even had it seemed practicable to climb over these, the immense height of the windows from the ground precluded the hope of reaching it without broken limbs. Baffled and disappointed, his spirits sank into despondency; yet such was his abhorrence of the character of lady Clarisford, that he resolved to perish in confinement, rather than marry a woman so destitute of delicacy and principle.

One morning, on removing a bason on

D

his

his breakfast-table, he was surprised by the sight of a slip of paper; the characters were those he had so often seen before, and conveyed this injunction:—"Remain in this apartment, and expect the visit of a friend."

"What new plot," said Orville, "has this artful woman now in contemplation? Can she hope, by a fresh stratagem, to win me to her purpose?—But why not inform me when I am to expect this friend?—Well, I will remain, and try once more to shame her into virtue."

The mind of Orville had for the last three days partaken of the dull monotony of his situation—he had sunk into a melancholy that almost deadened thought; the little billet, on which he continued to gaze, awakened him to reflect that there could be no crime in opposing art to art, and, by a seeming acquiescence with lady Clarisford's wishes, effect his liberty.—

"At this very moment, perhaps," said Orville, "my friends are condemning my

my conduct—they are accusing me of passing my time in licentious pleasures; general Fitzallan no doubt despises the pretended moralist; and Rosella, lovely, amiable innocent, she believes me a libertine: it is not improbable too that my mysterious absence may be fatal to lord Austincourt, and his dying hour may be embittered with the thought of my ingratitude. But this night shall put an end to suspense, for I will be released from this disgraceful imprisonment, or dearly shall this shameless woman rue my detention.*

Slowly and heavily the hours of this day passed, though Ornvillè endeavoured to lose their tediousness by reading; but the constant expectation of a visitor prevented his mind from being interested or entertained, and he would close the book, and prepare his thoughts to meet deceit with deceit. Considering wine the chief cause of his present unhappy situation, he had, ever since his confinement, been par-

ticularly abstemious; but at supper, on this night, he felt it necessary to raise his spirits, and he drank sufficient to elevate without inebriating.

An hour had elapsed since his supper-table had disappeared, and still his meditations remained undisturbed; another hour, to him the most tedious of his life, wore away; and believing that the billet had been a new species of torture invented by the revenge of lady Clarisford, he determined to remain no longer, but to endeavour to lose the remembrance of his disappointment in sleep. Already he had reached the door of his bedchamber, his hand was on the lock, when the creaking of the partition made him pause; the gilded screen again became visible, and he beheld the incognita; the mask still covered her face; she was wrapped in a night-dress, and held a lamp in her hand—the only light that was seen in the *boudoir*. She placed the lamp on a table, and advancing close to the screen, beckoned him

him to approach. As he advanced, she said—"Speak low, for though I believe we are the only persons in the house who keep vigil, yet caution is become necessary."

"To whom am I now speaking?" asked Ornville—"to lady Clarisford or her double?"

"I am not surprised at your question," returned the incognita, "nor at the reproachful tone in which it is preferred, for I am acquainted with all that has passed between you and the countess."

"I am no more to be deceived," interrupted Ornville; "and unless you withdraw the covering from your face, 'be your intents wicked or charitable,' I shall instantly withdraw."

"Your determination is terrible to my vanity," replied she; "but, to prove that I have no intention to deceive you further, and that my intents are charitable, see, I comply with your request."

The mask was removed with a trembling hand, and Ornvillè beheld a face, the one side of which was beautiful as ever nature formed, but the other wanted an eye, and was deformed with scars.

"Can you now wonder, Mr. Ornvillè, that I was unwilling to let you see my face? There was a time—but let me not recall the period of vanity, let me rather hasten to inform you I was once in a situation that would have made me disdainful of aiding the designs of lady Charrisford; but, with my beauty, I unfortunately lost the means to support a beloved mother, and for her sake I have consented to play a part which will for ever destroy my peace; in affecting love, I have become sensible of its anguish; like the silly moth that flutters round the flame that destroys it, I have heedlessly exposed myself to danger, and now fatally suffer for my temerity."

"For Heaven's sake, madam!" said Ornvillè,

Orville, recovering from the astonishment into which he had been thrown, "who and what are you?"

"My name," replied she, "is Stella Clementini—her whose person and whose abilities once drew admiring crowds to the Opera-house—who once had the proudest nobles of England at her feet. In the day of my renown I was said greatly to resemble the countess of Clarisford, and this procured me the honour of her notice; but after the fatal accident that deprived me of my beauty and my engagement at the Opera-house, my lovers and my friends forsook me, and I, who had been worshipped as a goddess, sunk into oblivion; and such was the disgust my face occasioned, that it was with difficulty I procured a few pupils, by the instruction of whom in music and dancing I procured a scanty subsistence for my almost broken-hearted mother and myself.

"I was educated in Italy, and, when little more than twelve years of age, I was

called an elegant improvisatore, the fame of this talent accompanied me to England, and the countess of Clarisford had often been present when I exercised it to the delight of the ephemera of fashion, who then crowded my levees. When the talents of Stella Clementini were necessary to the designs of lady Clarisford, she sought out my humble dwelling, and imparted to me her intention to seduce you into a marriage with her; she entered into an engagement with me, to pay me five thousand pounds, if I would devote my talents to her service for three months, and then immediately quit England. I felt poignantly the desertion of the many admirers who had seemed to exist but in my smile, and curiosity to prove whether it was possible to win a heart without the aid of beautiful features, added to the privations my dear parent suffered from poverty, induced me to accept the conditions prescribed by lady Clarisford; for, with five thousand pounds, I could

I could indulge my wish of returning to Italy, and living in elegant retirement. My figure, and the colour of my hair, made me, under a mask, so perfect a resemblance of lady Clarisford, whose voice I took much pains to imitate, that, at her late masquerade, her most intimate friends mistook me for her."

"The resemblance is certainly striking," replied Orville; "but it never deceived me—neither at the masquerade nor here did I ever believe you lady Clarisford."

"She has deceived herself," resumed Stella—"the eager wish to subjugate your heart has entirely misled her. In a conversation with her ladyship last night, I remonstrated on the injustice and cruelty of detaining you here; but, with a violence of which I did not believe her capable, she vowed never to liberate you, or suffer your return to the world but as her husband; and this she declared was not because she expected happiness from the union, but merely to disappoint and ren-

der wretched Miss Fitzgallan, whom she had a suspicion loved you, and to whom it was not improbable you were attached."

"Before Heaven I solemnly protest," returned Orville, "I never had reason to flatter myself with a belief of Miss Fitzgallan's partiality; but I will yet baffle the malice of this female fiend—I will escape, or lady Clarisford shall feel——"

"Speak not so loud," interrupted Stella—"it was to plan your escape I have ventured hither. Your having unexpectedly come to the *dénouement* of her plot, lady Clarisford finds my services no longer useful, and she is urgent that I depart from this mansion to-morrow morning; and, to secure my secrecy, she insists that I depart for Gravesend, where my mother is to meet me, attended by her confidential servant, who is to see us on board a ship bound for Naples, and to remain with us till the vessel is under weigh. But I could not depart," continued Stella, in a softened voice, "without bidding you adieu—
without

without assuring you that my poverty, and not my will, has made me the agent of lady Clarisford. But, as some reparation for the part I have taken in your confinement, I will assuredly effect your escape."

Eagerly seizing the white hand that clasped the gilded screen, Ornvile pressed it to his lips.—"I am at present," said he, "unfortunately without the means to convince you of my gratitude; but tell me, charming Stella, where shall I address you?"

"As yet, Mr. Ornvile," said she, modestly withdrawing her hand from his clasp, "I have done nothing to merit your gratitude; but be assured you shall hear from me. Employ yourself," continued she, "in forming a ladder of these cards, and to-morrow night, when you believe every person in the house retired to rest, make it fast to one of the windows of the gallery, beneath which expect a boat, which I will send for your deliver-

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ance;

ance; and may Heaven assist you to descend in safety!"

She then passed a quantity of cord through the network, and with a faltering voice bade him farewell, and was retiring. Orville was affected—he again pressed her hand to his lips; and as he wished her every happiness, he would have forced on her acceptance his diamond brooch; but with an action at once noble and graceful she declined the splendid gift.

"As a memorial of friendship, amiable Stella?" said Orville.

"I need none," replied she, sighing; "while I have life, I shall remember you. Farewell, dearest Orville! the sea will shortly roll its waves between us; I return to Italy—to the land of love, but I carry with me a heart incapable of receiving a new impression. Farewell, dearest Orville! farewell for ever!"

The partition closed, and the heart of Orville, which had so often admired her genius and talents, felt regret at the certainty

tainty that Stella Clementini and himself should meet no more; he remembered how beautiful she had once been, and that it was by the falling of a burning beam, as she was descending the staircase of a house that had taken fire, that her face had been so terribly injured—"But she has yet charms sufficient to attach an unengaged heart," said Orville, "and I trust the amiable Stella will be happy as she deserves."

The whole of that night Orville employed in forming a ladder, which was very awkwardly contrived, owing not only to his total want of skill, but to the tenderness of his hands, which blistered in his attempts to tighten the knots; day began to appear before he completed his arduous task, which he was many times on the point of relinquishing, as impossible to be accomplished by him; at last he believed it of sufficient length, and, fearful of discovery, he hid the ladder beneath his couch, and tried to recruit his exhausted strength.

strength by sleep. In the morning his first thought was Stella Clementini, and what she had said respecting Rosella Fitzallan's love for him; but this appeared to be the mere coinage of lady Clarisford's brain, as he could remember no one instance in which she had shewn him so much preference as other gentlemen who visited at the general's; Miss Fitzallan's behaviour to him had always been distant and reserved—her constantly-averted eyes had never, by an encouraging glance, led him to suppose she regarded him with even so much esteem as their affinity might expect. A dull chilly day contributed to depress the spirits of Ornvill; at times he doubted the sincerity of Stella, and considered her visit as one of lady Clarisford's projects to torture him with false hopes: yet her refusal of the diamond brooch spoke in her favour; for, had she been artful and mercenary, she would not have refused so valuable a gift.

Having wandered to the gallery, Ornvill

Ornville endeavoured to amuse his mind by examining the pictures with which the walls were covered; many of them were by the first masters; yet, while his taste confessed the justness of the designs, the correctness of the keeping, and the beauty of the colouring, his thoughts were full of the adventure he was to meet at night, and his admiration of the excellence of the paintings was chilled by a remembrance of his own miserable situation. The windows overlooking the river then drew him to re-examine their height. While his eye wandered over the opposite bank, he could discern, at a considerable distance, a man on horseback; he appeared to be riding in a direction that must bring him within his hail; but while hope flushed his cheek and throbbed in his bosom, the horse and his rider disappeared, and he had the mortification to find they had pursued a different road.

The longest period has its termination, and Ornville watched the last beams of the

the sun faded from the horizon; it soon became dark, and he returned to the drawing-room, his mind desperate and full of doubts of Stella's sincerity.

The supper-hour had long passed, and again and again Orville tried the knots of his ladder; and when he believed the inhabitants of the mansion had retired to rest, he again repaired to the gallery, and having made the ladder as secure as he could to the framework of the window, he threw it out. For a tedious time he watched and listened; at last he heard the joyful sound of splashing oars: a boat in a few minutes became stationary under the window; he saw two men make fast the rope-ladder; they then called to him to descend. A suspicion darted into Orville's mind that the revenge of lady Clarisford might have planned this scheme, to carry him out of the kingdom; but if this was really her design, there were only two men in the boat, and with them he thought he was able to contend.

Eager

Eager to quit his prison, he threw himself from the window, and had reached midway, when one of the knots of his ladder slipped—he lost his footing, and with a dreadful plunge was precipitated into the river. He was quite senseless when the men caught him as he rose again to the surface of the water, and it was many minutes before he was restored to recollection; they then requested his orders, and he directed them to row to Blackfriars bridge, where a servant who had lived with lord Austincourt kept a respectable tavern.

The inconvenience that Orville suffered from his fall did not prevent him from giving Heaven thanks for his deliverance, and assuring the men who had preserved his life, as well as effected his liberation, of a handsome remuneration.

One of the men, who spoke only Italian, said he had received the command of his mistress to receive no reward, and that he loved her too well to disobey her; the other,

other, an English sailor, turning a quid of tobacco in his mouth, said—"A vast there, my hearty! If I understands your remuneration, right, it means payment. But, do you see, I have been in a French prison, and remembers the hardships of it too well to take money for helping a fellow-creter to scape from the enemy; so you will give us something to drink your health, do you see, when we gets ashore, and that, my hearty, is all the payment that is expected or desired by Ben Backstay."

Mr. Ornvile had still his purse, which contained a trifling sum; but he could not prevail on the honest fellows to divide it between them—all they would accept was a guinea to drink his health. The Italian, when he bade him farewell, presented him a letter, which he said did not require any answer.

Mr. Wilkins, the master of the Globe Tavern, being, with much knocking and ringing, roused out of his first sleep, was
overjoyed

Overjoyed to see Mr. Ornvill, whose long absence had induced many of his friends to believe him dead. Having shewn him into the best parlour, and stirred the almost-expiring fire into a blaze, Mr. Wilkins was very curious to learn where in the world Mr. Ornvill had been for so long a time, and how he came in that dripping condition, and without a hat?

Mr. Ornvill merely replied he had accidentally fallen into the river, and being very wet and uncomfortable, should be glad to have a bed prepared for him immediately, and a bason of white-wine whey; he also gave the inquisitive Mr. Wilkins orders to send early in the morning to lord Austincourt's, to request his valet to come to him as expeditiously as possible, with every thing necessary for him to dress.

Mr. Ornvill being comfortably laid in bed, his host departed to communicate to his wife who had arrived at that late, or rather

rather early hour, and the dripping condition of his guest.

"And so Mr. Ornvillè is not dead?" said Mrs. Wilkins. "But where has he been all this here longful time?"

"Ay, that is the question, my girl," replied Wilkins. "I asked him where he had been?—Mum for that," said he; "but here I am, as wet as a drowned rat, and you must find me a dry shirt and a bed."

"Dear! you don't say so, Mr. Wilkins!"

"True, as I am landlord of the Globe."

"Why then, to be sure, Mr. Wilkins, he must have tumbled into the water!"

"Why, what a sensible little soul you must be, Jane, to find that out!" said her husband—"Yes, yes, he has been in the water sure enough, and has lost his hat, and his hands are all blisters in the inside."

"Why, what the dickens can he have been after?—to be sure he must have been
fuddled,

fuddled, to tumble out of the boat!" said Mrs. Wilkins. "And where could he have come from, at this hour of the night?"

"From some gay madam or other, I warrant him," replied Mr. Wilkins—"still water, Jane, runs deep; these sober steady fellows are always the worst at the bottom. Don't you remember what a lecture he read me when he caught me kissing you in the library?"

"Dear! yes, to be sure I do," returned Mrs. Wilkins. "But I should like to know where he has been; wont you try to find it out?"

"Bless you, he is as close-mouthed as an oyster!" said Mr. Wilkins; "and you may as well expect to get a secret from dumb Ben, the shoeblack."

When Mr. Ornyville awoke in the morning, he found no inconvenience whatever from his immersion in the water, and he returned Heaven and Stella Clementini his devout thanks for his emancipation. He then gave her letter a second perusal:

"I promised

“ I promised you should hear from me, and I keep my word. When you receive this, you will be at liberty, and the joyful emotions you will experience at returning to friends you esteem, will incline you to think with less severity on the part the unfortunate Stella took in seducing you into an irksome confinement. Forgive me, and believe, while my heart knew no felicity to be compared with that of seeing and listening to you, virtue forbade my prolonging your imprisonment; I saw myself the object of your passions, but I was too sensible you did not love me, and pride and delicacy both revolted at the situation in which I was placed, and I persuaded lady Clarissa that your heart was subjugated, and that she might venture to discover herself to you. Farewell, dearest Orville! for ever farewell! I go to weep my misfortunes in retirement, to cherish your remembrance, and to pray (ah! how sincerely!) for your happiness; and if at some future hour the remembrance

remembrance of Stella Clementini obtrudes upon your mind, think of her without detestation; pity her misfortunes, and generously accord her your forgiveness."

"From my soul!" exclaimed Ornville, pressing the writing to his lips; "never, lovely unfortunate! never can your genius, your graces, your accomplishments, be forgotten; and may Heaven remove from your bosom every uneasy sensation, and bestow on you all the felicity you merit!"

Mr. Ornville rang, to inquire if his servant had been sent for. He had already arrived; and though his joy to find his master alive and well made him rather awkward, yet he contrived to finish his service about his person time enough for him to reach Austincourt House by the earl's breakfast hour.

The surprise of Mr. Ornville's return, though cautiously announced, had such
an

an effect upon lord Austincourt's nerves, that he was near having a fainting-fit; but the presence and attentions of Mr. Orville had a good effect, and he soon became sufficiently restored to embrace the son of his adoption, and to inquire the reason of his absence. Lord Austincourt expressed great indignation against the countess of Clarisford; but while he severely reprobated her conduct, he was convinced of the necessity of concealing it, and he readily gave his word of honour to keep the disgraceful transaction secret.

The discovery of Mr. Orville's escape was made by the servant, who used to enter through a panel in the gallery to arrange his bed-chamber; the rope-ladder explained which way he had effected his liberty. Immediately an express was sent off to London to the countess, who had already received the unpleasant intelligence from the duchess and duke of Honiton, who had seen and exchanged bows with him in their way to Bedford-square.

Lady Clarisford, when informed that Mr. Orville was in London, felt terror and confusion; but while she trembled with the dread of public exposure, the duchess, whose head was full of bridal finery and entertainments to exceed all that had ever been given before, imputed her varying colour and tremulous voice to modesty and excessive love for her son. It was true, the duke of Honiton's addresses had never been so desirable as at that moment; and as he, like a great boy, was eager for a new plaything, after many delays and much persuasion, lady Clarisford yielded her assent, and agreed to make the duke of Honiton happy, as soon as the proper settlements could be prepared.

The countess of Clarisford, while she exulted in having secured to herself rank amongst the highest nobility, thought with less terror of her exposure; the duke she knew was a peer, and she
relied

relied on her own art to persuade him into a belief that it was only a little harmless trick she had played her cousin Orville, just to prove whether he was really as insensible to beauty as the world believed.

Having mentioned her wish that general Fitzallan should be made acquainted with her intended marriage, and, with her sister, invited to be present at the nuptial ceremony, the duchess, who, for some time, had privately meditated to captivate the general, immediately proposed to her son to call in Portland-square before they returned home, observing it was a mark of respect which it would be proper to pay the father of his intended bride. The duchess tenderly embraced her daughter-elect, and drawing forth a casket of jewels, put them into her son's hands, to present to the lady of his heart. The natural cupidity of lady Clarisford rendered little persuasion necessary—she accepted the casket

ket with affected modesty and reluctance, returned the embrace of the duchess, and suffered the duke to kiss her cheek.

As the duke and duchess of Honiton took their leave, another fashionable party were announced, and the dying nabob Tanjore and his wife became the topic of conversation.

"I wonder how Tanjore came by all his money?" said lady Stanly.

"No matter how he came by it," drawled lady Jaqueline Melbourne—"I wish to Heaven I was the hideous yellow-faced man's wife!"

"Heaven forbid," said the honourable Miss Nossitor, "that ever I should be the wife of such a fright!"

"Poor child!" exclaimed her aunt, the viscountess Newnham, "your silly head at present is full of the romance of 'All for Love;' you will know better a few years hence."

"Only think of Mrs. Tanjore's prospect of widowhood!" rejoined the languishing
E 2 lady

lady Jaquelina, "and the wealth she is likely to be mistress of!"

"I have not the slightest wish for wealth attained no one knows by what means," observed the stately lady Moody; "and I am really quite astonished how persons of rank and family can give such dirty trash a thought."

"Your ladyship will see though," said lady Clarisford, "that the nabob's dirty money will purchase his widow a husband of rank—some needy nobleman will honour her with his title for the sake of her wealth."

"A-propos, lady Clarisford, have you seen your cousin, Mr. Ornvile, since his reappearance in the world?" asked lady Newnham; "the viscount told me he met him coming out of Austincourt House."

The name of Ornvile gave the countess of Clarisford an ague-fit, and she could hardly stammer out—"Not being a favourite with Mr. Ornvile, I am seldom honoured with his visits."

"So

"So it seems lord Enniscorth has brought an action against sir Arthur O'Neil for defamation," said lady Moody. "None but an Irishman would have been guilty of such folly as going to law with a lawyer; but they are famous for blunders."

"Dear me! how I pity that divine young man, sir Arthur's nephew!" rejoined Miss Nossitor.

"I dare say you do," returned lady Newnham; "and so does another young lady of my acquaintance, or report errs."

"Miss Seymour, you mean," said lady Jaquelina.

"These sentimental young ladies are very apt to fall in love," observed lady Moody; "but if a daughter of mine should ever presume to think of any one beneath her own rank, I would keep her on bread and water till her passion cooled."

When this set had departed, the countess gave her footman the order, "Not at home," to deliver to the porter, and retired.

to her dressing-room, to examine the contents of the casket presented her by the duchess of Honiton; but before she had wearied herself with admiring the valuable trinkets it contained, general Fitz-allan's letter was placed before her.

"Now for it!" said the countess, trembling as she broke the seal—"now I shall learn the bitter things Ornaville has said of me—the contemptible light in which he has placed me to the view of general Fitz-allan and his paragon daughter."

But the letter spoke not a single word of Ornaville—the subject was the impropriety of her entering, at so early a period of her widowhood, into a second marriage, and the utter impossibility of happiness attending a union between such frivolous beings as herself and the duke of Honiton.

Lady Clarisford exclaimed—"Defend me from parental solicitude!" then smiling contemptuously, she threw the letter into the fire.—"Let the dutiful, amiable Rosella follow your sage counsel, I am
not

not at all grateful for it, and devoutly thank my stars, no longer to be controlled by your authority. Public opinion condemn me!—oh no, general; the world is too well-bred to censure a duchess.”

She then returned to the casket, yet while she gazed with delight on its glittering contents, her heart felt a lingering pang for him who alone had made her feel there was a being besides herself for whom she could have been interested; but he had despised her love, rejected her twice-offered hand.—“Revenge shall yet be mine,” exclaimed she—“yes, cold-hearted, insensible Orville! though you have contrived to evade, you shall yet feel the vengeance of a rejected woman.”

CHAPTER II.

The harp of other time is mute, but still
 A feeble hand may strike the sounding string,
 To wake the slumb'ring echoes of the hill,
 And o'er the distant wave its wild notes fling.

Genius of Mona's heights, arise! inspire
 Thy bard as erst in bright prophetic dreams,
 Give to his harp the spirit and the fire
 To sing thy mountains and thy foamy streams;

Thy plains, where once the mighty clash'd the shield,
 Whose glitt'ring spears an hostile host defied,
 Where blood of heroes crimson'd o'er the field,
 And Cambrian chiefs and Saxon leaders died;

Where snowy-bosom'd maids their narrow bed
 With primrose pale and purple violets drest,
 And o'er the turf affection's tear-drops shed,
 And laid the spirit of the warrior rest.

Z.

*Female Curiosity—Effects of Gambling—A
 Duel—Reformation—Pride considered a Duty
 —Separation of Lovers—Beauties of Wales—
 Welch Hospitality.*

At the time he had appointed, general
 Fitzallan arrived at Rosemount Cottage,
 where

where he found Rosella prepared to accompany him into Somersetshire. At the earnest solicitation of lord and lady George Hartford, the general, contrary to his intention, was prevailed upon to remain two days at Rosemount; and on the third morning the tears of Emily Seymour would still have detained Rosella, but the general was peremptory, as his presence was required at Elmwood Priory.

As sir Sydney Filmar led Miss Fitzallan to the carriage, he said—"May every happiness attend you!" may your health be perfectly restored before autumn, at which season I shall not fail to remember——"

The approach of the general prevented sir Sydney from finishing his speech. Rosella waved her hand, and the carriage drove off.

After the departure of Miss Fitzallan, Emily Seymour grew quite melancholy, the gay sir Sydney became *il penseroso*, and lady George declared it was prodigi-

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ously

ously dull, and quite impossible to remain at Rosemount without company to enliven her. Lord George wished to proceed immediately to his seat in Kent, but, at the request of his lady, he consented to pass a month in London previous to their going into the country. This arrangement did not exactly please Miss Seymour, who did not wish to have any more contentions with her father respecting Lucius Dungannon; but lady George was not in the habit of putting any person's wishes in competition with her own, and the next evening found them at his lordship's house in Upper Brooke-street.

Mrs. Seymour wept bitterly at the alteration in Emily's person and manners; her face was pale, and she had lost all her vivacity. But, shocked at her mother's distress, Emily declared herself quite well, and tried to console her as she spoke of the great uneasiness she suffered on account of her son, whose conduct of late was so very improper, that the colonel and
he

he continually fell into disputes, which at last terminated in so serious a quarrel, that his father forbade him his presence, and captain Seymour had left the paternal roof and taken lodgings, where he led a most dissolute life.

Colonel Seymour did not object to Emily remaining in Upper Brooke-street with lord and lady George Hartford, because he knew sir Sydney Filmar was still their guest; but he took an early opportunity of warning her, as she valued his blessing, to avoid all communication with the nephew of sir Arthur O'Niel.

Lady George, in the busy parade of receiving and paying her bridal visits, was quite happy, and had no time to attend to the change that had taken place in her brother; but Emily saw that he not only was the shadow of his former self, but that he was grown negligent, and indeed seemed totally indifferent about his appearance, which used to be a matter of such vast importance in his consideration: nor was

this all that gave affliction to her gentle heart; she continually heard of the suit instituted by lord Enniscorth against sir Arthur O'Neil, and observed the change that had taken place in public opinion respecting Lucius Dunganon, whom she had the misery to hear called an impostor, and accused of aiding sir Arthur O'Neil with forged documents to defame the character of lord Enniscorth.

Captain Seymour had for several days absented himself from Upper Brooke-street, and when he next made his appearance, Emily flattered herself that his looks were amended, and his spirits more cheerful. In the evening he went with his sisters to the opera, and appeared to have recovered his usual vivacity; but while the audience were loudly applauding the dancing of madame Didelot, and the attention of all his party was drawn to the stage, he touched the arm of Emily, and said—"Those who have hearts at ease may enjoy this scene—I cannot."

Emily

Emily saw his face clouded with an expression of sadness.—“Dear Frederick,” replied she, “what can you mean? what prevents——?”

“This,” said he, interrupting her, “is no place for explanations. I know you are an early riser—I will call to-morrow in Brooks-street—you have it in your power, Emily, to remove part of the oppression from my heart.”

“I trust,” replied Emily, a little alarmed, “that you do not mean to urge me again on the suit of sir Robert Milbank?”

“Don him!” muttered Seymour—“no, on my soul, Emily; happy had it been for me if I had never known him!”

Seeing lady George turn her head towards them, he laid his finger on his lip, and nothing more passed between them at that time; but the little he had said was sufficient to fill the mind of Emily with inquietude, and to excite a restless curiosity respecting the secret he was about to disclose to her.

Captain.

Captain Seymour declined returning to Upper Brooke-street to supper, but before he bade his sisters good-night, he whispered Emily to expect him in the morning.

The sleep of Emily was far from tranquil that night—she often awoke, her mind disturbed by the harassing curiosity Frederick had raised, by saying she had the power to remove part of the oppression from his heart. Unable to compose her spirits, she left her bed before the servants were stirring. The morning was remarkably mild and fine, and as she stood at an open window to inhale the fresh air, she saw Lucius Dungannon and his friend Orme on horseback, coming down the street. The eyes of Dungannon were on every window in the house, and he soon descried Emily, who wished, but had not power, to move away. Lucius bowed as he passed, and several times he turned his head back, to catch a view of her so tenderly, yet so hopelessly beloved.

When Emily beheld him no longer,
she

she could not restrain her tears.—“ Farewell, dear Lucius!” said she; “the world may be faithless, but my heart will never change; whatever your birth, whatever your misfortunes, you will remain, in my estimation, superior to all your sex.”

This was the first time Miss Seymour had seen Mr. Dungannon since her return to London, and though she was pleased that accident had brought him before her, yet the sight of him affected her spirits, and when captain Seymour arrived, he found her weeping. Almost the first words he uttered were—“ What cause can you possibly have for tears? and yet your eyes are red with weeping.”

“ I have slept ill,” said Emily, “ and have the headache.”

“ It is better your head should ache than your heart,” returned Frederick; “and I trust, Emily, that your pride has enabled you to conquer your silly attachment for the nameless nephew of sir Arthur O’Niel.”

“ Was

"Was this what you had to say to me?" asked Emily, resentfully. "I have explained my sentiments and intentions to my father, and did not expect to have this subject renewed by you."

"Nor did I come to renew it," replied Seymour—"no, Emily; on this subject I have only to say, I trust you will not give your parents cause to reproach you for wanting duty, for I acknowledge with shame I have given them sufficient cause for uneasiness; yet all they have suffered is nothing in comparison of what they have still to endure."

"For Heaven's sake, Frederick, what can you mean?" asked Emily, with a look of alarm.

"I mean," replied he, "that I am ruined in fortune, and must inevitably be disgraced in reputation."

"Do not talk thus wildly," said Emily. "How are you ruined and disgraced? tell me, for pity——"

"I came for that purpose," replied he.
—"I came

—“I came to tell you that, like the prodigal son, I have wasted all my substance—I came to tell you that I am that detestable character, a gamester, and owe debts of honour to the amount of many thousand pounds.”

“Merciful Heaven!” exclaimed Emily, turning pale, “can this be possible?”

“It is too true,” replied he; “but as yet, Emily, you know not half my infamy. Sir Robert Milbank met me at the gaming-table, and lent me money to pursue my fatal propensity; and promised, on the day you consented to become his wife, to liquidate my debts. Do you not now perceive what made me blind to his vices? I hoped by his wealth to conceal my own depravity—yes, Emily, I would have bartered your happiness for the means to preserve me from public exposure and disgrace; but Heaven interposed—it would not suffer the union of innocence and vice. But do not believe, Emily, I did not feel compunction while I urged
you

you to accept the hand of a villain—yes, I was tortured, agonized; but pride, and the dread of sinking from the eminence on which I stood in the world of fashion, stifled the upbraidings of conscience, and made me cruel and unnatural. I know I deserve your detestation, Emily, and I expect it.”

“No, dearest Frederick—no,” said Emily, throwing herself on his bosom; “I condemn—I lament your errors, but my heart can never cease to love you. Have you not seen the folly of your past conduct?—you have—you will in future be more prudent—you will forsake the gaming-table, and all will yet be well.”

“Yes,” returned Seymour, “all might indeed be well, if I could raise the money to pay sir Robert Milbank—he, the seducing fiend who urged me on, and now exults in the misery he has assisted to complete; a prison, reproach, and disgrace, must be the consequences of my infatuation.”

“What

“What is to be done?” asked Emily, terrified at the consequences he predicted; “are there no means?”

“Yes,” replied Seymour, with a tone and look of utter despondency—“yes, Emily, there are desperate means—laudanum or a pistol.”

Emily threw her arms round his neck, and half-shrieking, exclaimed—“You would not commit suicide? you would not close the gates of heaven against you?—I will kneel at the feet of my father—I will entreat him for you.”

“It would be useless,” replied Frederick—“I know too well his rigid notions of justice, to expect he would take a single guinea from the intended portion of one child, to support the extravagance of another.”

“Something must be done to save you,” said Emily; “perhaps lord George would assist——”

“No,” interrupted Seymour, “his late purchases

purchases in Kent have taken all the money he can spare; besides, you know Clarissa's pride—she never would forgive me were I to acquaint her husband with my embarrassments. There is a way, Emily—but, cruelly as I have persecuted you respecting sir Robert Milbank, how can I presume to hope for your assistance?"

"If it is in my power," said Emily, eagerly, "hope every thing; I should be more happy than words can express, to release you from every obligation to this bad man."

"Nothing but my desperate circumstances," resumed Seymour, "would induce me to remind you, Emily, that you have an estate."

"True," replied Emily, "I have an estate; but you know I am not of age, and my father is my guardian."

"Money," said Seymour, "may notwithstanding be raised upon it, by bond or mortgage, without the knowledge of my

my father—But no, no—I have done wrong to mention it—I will not involve you in my distresses.”

“But remember, Frederick,” returned Emily, “if this vile sir Robert Milbank should make a public demand for his money, I, with the rest of your family, shall feel for your disgrace; and I entreat you, if money can by any means be raised on the Redbrook estate, let it be done without delay; for, knowing how you are embarrassed, I shall never enjoy a tranquil moment till you have satisfied sir Robert Milbank’s demand.”

“My generous, noble-minded Emily!” said Seymour, affectionately kissing her cheek, “how shall I repay the angelic goodness evinced in your wish to preserve me? But I cannot, will not take advantage of your generosity—no, it is better, wretch as I am, that I should suffer the punishment of my vices, than involve your fortune.”

“To what purpose,” asked Emily, “did you

you come hither? was it not in the hope that something might be devised to amend your desperate circumstances?"

Seymour, with apparent reluctance, confessed it was.

"Why then," said Emily, "do you refuse the only means that offer?"

"Because, too kind, too generous girl!" replied he, "I fear it will be long—if ever I am able to repay you."

"What is the sum," demanded Emily, "necessary to the liquidation of your debts?"

"That question," returned Seymour, striking his forehead, "makes me mad—it recalls my vices, my follies. What sum?—no matter—I have given you useless alarm, for I will not take advantage of your pity; it is fit I should suffer."

At last, at the earnest solicitation of Emily, he named the sum of ten thousand pounds.

"It shall be yours, if it can be raised on the estate," said Emily; "and believe me,

me, Frederick, in presenting you with that sum, I shall feel most happy if your present sufferings and embarrassments deter you in future from risking your own happiness and that of your family at the gaming-table."

"I have sworn," replied Seymour, "solemnly sworn, never again to handle dice; none but a gamester knows the anguish, the horror, that attends the propensity."

"All that remains," replied Emily, "is to instruct me in the way this money is to be procured."

"The only means," said Seymour, "are applying to a friendly Jew, who lends money upon interest—exorbitant, I confess; but——"

"A Jew!" interrupted Emily. "I have, I confess, a dislike—indeed I should rather it could be done in some other way."

"There is no other way of conducting the affair *sécretly*," resumed Seymour; "and whatever repugnance you may feel towards being indebted to the Israelites, I promise

I promise you they are quite as conscientious as Christian money-lenders, and fit the transaction of business, are as careful to avoid publicity as those who borrow of them."

Emily was sincere in her wish to extricate her brother from his embarrassments, and though she did not like the idea of having dealings with a Jew, she promised that she would meet Jacob Moses, a rich money-lender, the next morning, whom Frederick said he would send for to his lodgings in Russel-street.—"Honest Moses," said Seymour, "has before assisted me in a similar way; for it is in vain to conceal it from you, Emily—all I possess in the world is gone, and it is most probable that I shall never be able to repay you the sum you so generously offer to procure me."

"Then accept it as a gift," replied Emily; "for believe me, dear Frederick, your honour and happiness are of far more consequence to me than my dirty acres."

"But,

“But when you marry, Emily,” said Seymour, “your husband may not be so disinterested and generous.”

“I shall never marry,” returned Emily, suppressing a sigh.

“Not marry!” repeated Seymour—“nonsense!—yes, you will, and happily, I trust; but not with sir Arthur O’Neil’s nephew—no, not with him!” exclaimed he, violently; “he is one of your preaching, whining moralizers; he takes the liberty of censuring the errors of others; while he looks with a lenient eye on his own. There is no evil I would not rather endure than see you the wife of lord Enniscorth’s——”

“Say no more, I entreat you,” said Emily, interrupting this burst of passion; “between Mr. Dungannon and me all is at an end.”

“I am glad to hear it,” replied Seymour; “independent of his disgraceful birth, I have reasons for disliking him; but I do not wish to distress you, Emily.”

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Having

Having appointed the time when he would fetch her to his lodgings to meet the money-lender, he took his leave. The tears that Emily had restrained in his presence now gushed forth, and she wept her own ill-fated attachment and her brother's errors; she now, for the first time, reflected, that by raising money on her estate she should certainly incur the displeasure of her father, and probably deprive herself of that portion of his fortune which might otherwise fall to her share—"But fortune," said Emily, mournfully—"fortune is nothing to me—I am deprived of every hope of happiness; and to live in seclusion, far from those heartless beings who delight in gaiety and magnificence, will best suit the state of my feelings."

In the conduct of her brother, with respect to the money she had promised to raise for him, Emily saw much selfishness, and a total disregard of future consequences to her; for, in the midst of his refusals of her assistance, and protestations of having renounced

renounced his errors, she observed that pride, and the dread of public exposure, not a just feeling of affection for her, or compunction for his own vices, actuated his professions; but if his reputation was secured—if he got rid of all obligation to that base man sir Robert Milbank, and he escaped the indignation of his father by her means, Emily thought it would be gratifying to her own heart, and, she trusted, the performance of a sisterly duty, which would not be displeasing in the sight of Heaven.

Captain Seymour's mind had for some time been in a state of torment—the consequences of his vicious habits had brought regret, but not repentance, and he had been for several days vacillating between virtue and vice, when the thought of Emily's Redbrook estate occurred to him, and her mild and generous disposition, which he believed would readily embrace any honourable plan for the relief of his necessities. He was not deceived in his

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expectations;

expectations; but though he had solemnly assured his sister that he had forsworn dice, he could not resist the temptation of repairing that night to his old haunt, impelled by the fallacious hope of winning a sum sufficient to prevent the necessity of involving Emily's estate. At first, fortune seemed inclined to favour captain Seymour, and, elated with his success, he trebled his stakes; but his luck soon shifted, and he lost to a German baron the last guinea he possessed. He then proposed playing upon honour, but the situation of his affairs being understood, the baron deliberately pocketed Seymour's money, and shrugging his shoulders, said—"Honour was ver good sometimes, but de money was ver much better at de game."

In an agony of rage, Seymour stood a moment—the thought that he might escape all future embarrassments by suicide crossed his brain—his mind was wrought up to desperation—he drew his hat over his eyes, and rushed into the street.

street. Before he had gone many paces, he ran against a gentleman, whom he nearly knocked down.—“Are you drunk or blind, sir?” said the gentleman, recovering his equilibrium.

This question was sufficient for the hot-brained Seymour, who in the speaker recognized Mr. Dungannon. Irritated to madness by his losses, and recollecting his sister Emily's attachment, he replied in language grossly insulting to Dungannon, who, with his friend Orme, would have passed on, but this Seymour prevented, by collaring him; and to add to the outrage he had already committed, he, in his ungoverned ravings, upbraided him with illegitimacy. This was too much for the forbearance of Dungannon, who being possessed of great muscular strength, shook him off, and with a single blow dashed him on the pavement. A mob had collected, who raised Seymour, with the hope of seeing a battle; but Orme prudently forced Dungannon from the spot; and

Seymour having recovered from the stunning effects of his fall, retreated to a coffeehouse, from whence he dispatched a challenge to Dungannon, worded in the most arrogant and insulting terms. By the blunder of the porter by whom it was sent, Seymour's note was placed in the hands of sir Arthur O'Niel, Dungannon having gone to spend the evening with Orme, in Albemarle-street. Sir Arthur could at that time have no explanation of the cause of quarrel between his nephew and captain Seymour, but his Milesian spirit was highly offended at the gross language of the note, and he resolved not to retire to bed till the return of Lucius.

Sir Arthur's mind, before this aggravation, had not been very placid; he had seen a person from Ireland, whom he had commissioned to inquire after Dennis Sullivan, but no trace of him was to be met; and the trial between himself and lord Enniscorth promised, on this account, no fortunate termination, for without witnesses

nesses it was impossible for him to prove the marriage of his sister, or substantiate the claims of his nephew. But these disappointments, while they harassed the mind of sir Arthur, added strength to his affection for Lucius, whose nobleness of heart made him proudly say he is an honour to the race of O'Niel; and it was not without some uneasy feelings of apprehension he thought of his being engaged in a duel. But the explanation sir Arthur received from his nephew on his return home, made him at once agree in the necessity of his accepting captain Seymour's challenge; for he had not only insulted himself, but had grossly outraged the memory of his mother. Dungannon, though a high-spirited young man, had never approved the practice of duelling; he had courage enough to face death, but considered it sinful to seek it: he thought too of Emily Seymour, and the eternal separation between them, should he unfortunately kill her brother; but sir Ar-

thur had acknowledged the necessity of his meeting captain Seymour, and, be the consequences fatal as they might, honour demanded his compliance with its sanguinary dictates. The heart of O'Niel was wrung with agony as he shook the hand of Dungannon, and bade him remember the blood of kings circled in his veins, and that it was better to die honourably, than live with the name of coward.

The following morning Mr. Dungannon's reply to his challenge was received by captain Seymour: he had not yet left his bed, but the fumes of the wine he had drunk the preceding night had evaporated in sleep, and the maddening irritation of his nerves had subsided in a painful reminiscence of the shameful language he had used to Mr. Dungannon, whose misfortunes ought to have entitled him to his forbearance and respect; but it was ever captain Seymour's fate to remember what was right, after his violent passions had driven him into the commission of wrong;
his

his conscience unsparingly accused him of brutal insolence to Dungannon, but overweening pride forbade his offering an apology, while the desperation of his circumstances prompted the melancholy hope that he might die by his hand; he wanted courage to venture on suicide, but the sophistry of his wishes made him willing to believe there was no crime in seeking death from another.

At six o'clock that evening, Mr. Dungannon, and Mr. Orme, who insisted on being his second, met captain Seymour, and his friend captain Vaughan, in Hyde Park: though fighting was the profession of captain Vaughan, he was extremely averse to shedding blood in private quarrels, and nothing but his regard for Seymour, and the hope to be able to accommodate matters between him and Mr. Dungannon, without proceeding to extremities, would have prevailed on him to take part in the affair; but after captain Vaughan and Mr. Orme had con-

ferred on the subject, the pride and desperation of captain Seymour made him obstinately refuse to offer an apology, and the seconds, with extreme reluctance, were compelled to measure the ground and charge the pistols. The right of firing first was then disputed, and the combatants drew lots; the chance was won by Seymour; he fired, and wounded Dungannon in the left arm. He then placed his body in a direction to receive the shot of his antagonist in his heart; but instead of taking the expected aim, Dungannon fired his pistol in the air, and said—"I trust I have proved to you, gentlemen, that I do not fear to die; but I will not sin against my conscience, and commit murder." As he spoke, his head grew dizzy, for the ball having entered the fleshy part of his arm, it bled profusely, and he fell into the arms of Orme.

Captain Seymour had fought bravely against the foes of his country, and had gained renown and promotion, but he had never

never before fought a duel; the words of Dungannon struck on his heart; it was probable his violent passions had made him a murderer—the murderer of a man who had never given him an offence—who had actually been forced by him into an act condemned by every law divine and human. As he saw Dungannon sink into the arms of Orme, pride and every evil passion seemed subdued in his heart, and, full of remorse, he flew to assist Orme in supporting Dungannon to the carriage that waited for them, and made then, with every expression of sorrow, the apology voluntarily, that no arguments or persuasions could before force from him.

The anguish of the wound, and loss of blood, did not so entirely deprive Dungannon of sense but he saw the contrition of Seymour, and heard his apology; he pitied him most sincerely, and though unable to speak, he pressed his hand, in token of his forgiveness.

Sir Arthur O'Niel's torture of mind was

F 6

relieved

relieved by seeing his beloved Lucius return alive; and when he heard from Orme the magnanimous way in which he had behaved, the old gentleman burst into tears of joy, and swore by holy St. Patrick that his nephew was a true Milesian, and would do honour to the crown that once graced the brows of his maternal ancestors.

For the sake of captain Seymour, Mr. * Dungannon was unwilling that their meeting should be made public, and he prevailed on his friend Orme to extract the ball from his arm without calling in other assistance: he bore the operation with the same magnanimity as he had stood Seymour's fire, but the agitation of his mind brought on a fever, which betrayed to sir Arthur his passion for Emily Seymour; it was not a pleasing discovery, for sir Arthur was perfectly acquainted with the pride of the Seymours, and foresaw the little chance Lucius had of happiness from their approbation, which would only be accorded if he was proved to be the heir
of

of lord Enniscorth, of which there was at that time no prospect; but, pitying the hopeless passion of Lucius, trembling for his life, and admiring the character of Emily Seymour, he granted to the earnest solicitation of his nephew some requests that he thought romantic and extravagant.

Much as Mr. Dungannon wished to keep secret his affair of honour with captain Seymour; it got blazed abroad; the newspapers magnified the danger of Mr. Dungannon, and announced several different causes for the quarrel; in some it spoke of a dispute at a gaming-table, in others it was affirmed to be about a fair cyprian; while, with an air of perfect acquaintance with the whole business, it was asserted in the Morning Post to have arisen from a difference of opinion respecting lady Bridget Dashall's pyebald ponies. Some of the papers affected pity for Mr. Dungannon, and hinted at the distress of a certain young lady, not very distantly related

related to captain Seymour, on account of the duel.

The newspapers gave colonel Seymour the first information of this affair, and happening to see the one that hinted at his daughter's partiality for Mr. Dungan-non, he supposed the duel had taken place in consequence of some rash and disrespectful expression of his son.—“Happy are they,” said the colonel, “who have no children! mine seem to be sent only for plagues to me.”

Before this sentence had well passed his lips, intelligence arrived from Upper Brooke-street that Miss Seymour was taken dangerously ill. Emily had always been her father's favourite—he trembled at the recollection of the words he had just uttered, and hastened, with Mrs. Seymour, to ascertain the state of his darling child. They found lord and lady George Hartford in great uneasiness; Emily had that morning been abroad with her brother,

ther,

ther, and had returned in apparent good health; she had gone alone into the breakfast-parlour, as they supposed, to practise a new harp song, but had not been more than ten minutes there, before she was heard to scream; and when lord and lady George entered the room, they found her extended on the carpet, in strong convulsions; one fit had followed another so rapidly, that the medical gentlemen called in had declared her life in imminent danger. Lady George was utterly at a loss to account for this sudden attack, but lord George had found a newspaper on the carpet beside Emily, which explained to the family that the idea of Mr. Dunganon dying by the hand of her brother had occasioned her terrific fits.

Emily had been carried to her bed—her lovely features were still distorted, and the colonel and her mother hung over her in agony, impressed with the idea that she would shortly be removed from their solicitude.

The

The sufferings of Emily did not tend to soften the indignation of colonel Seymour against his son, in whose vices so much calamity originated. It was night before captain Seymour heard of his sister's illness, and when he rushed half-frantic into her apartment, he found his father and mother beside her bed, listening for her breath, which was now so low and faint, that they were at times persuaded she was dead. Frederick approached the bed, and gazing on her pale face, uttered a groan, so loud and deep, that colonel and Mrs. Seymour started, and then only became conscious of his presence.

"Wretch!" said the colonel, "behold your work!—your vices have murdered your sister."

"Emily! my kind, affectionate Emily!" exclaimed Frederick, unconscious of the presence of his parents, "it was not Dungannon's life I aimed at—no, it was my own—I was tired of a being my vices have rendered hateful to me; your generous

ous interference has preserved my reputation, but it cannot restore my self-esteem. Recover, my beloved Emily—Dungannon will not die—I have not murdered him—no, thank Heaven! I have not destroyed that brave, noble-minded young man—he will live, honoured and respected; but for me, Emily——”

At this moment Emily opened her eyes, and fixing them on Frederick, shrieked.—“Do not approach me,” said she, “your hands are bloody—you have murdered him.” Again she shrieked, and relapsed into fits.

Captain Seymour was forcibly dragged from the apartment, and it was many days before the family entertained a hope of Emily’s recovery. In this melancholy period Mrs. Seymour, who fondly loved all her children, laboured with all her power of persuasion to bring about a reconciliation between Frederick and his father; but the colonel persisted in refusing to admit

admit him to his presence, declaring that he would have proof of his reformation before he again considered him his son.

Lord George Hartford, at the request of colonel Seymour, waited on sir Arthur O'Niel, and from him obtained a true account of the occasion of the duel, which had been so misrepresented by the newspapers, and by public report: lord George was permitted to see Mr. Dungannon, whose wound was nearly healed, but he had suffered so much from loss of blood and fever, that he was worn to a shadow. The visit of lord George Hartford, who was charged with colonel Seymour's inquiries and regrets, was gratifying to sir Arthur, but to Dungannon it afforded no pleasure—it was, in his opinion, a mere observance of ceremony—a formal compliment paid to the usages of the world, with which the heart had nothing to do. —“Colonel Seymour,” said he, mentally, “regrets the wound his son has given my
arm,

arm, but he feels no compunction for the deeper wounds himself has given my pride."

The illness of Miss Seymour had rendered Sir Sydney Filmar's visit in Upper Brooke-street inconvenient and unpleasant, and he had taken his leave, with a promise of spending part of the summer with lord George in Kent. Colonel Seymour saw, with infinite regret, that the hope he had encouraged of sir Sydney's alliance was entirely at an end; Emily's obstinate attachment to Mr. Dungannon was well known to him, and of course, whatever his wishes and intentions might have been, thought the colonel, they are now at an end.

This reflection did not tend to reconcile the colonel to his son, whose rash and violent conduct had terrified Emily into betraying the secret of her heart; Mrs. Seymour had hoped that Frederick would have gone with them into Warwickshire, but the determined inflexibility of the colonel

colonel prevented her proposing it to her son, who accepted a proposal made to him by captain Vaughan to make the tour of Wales. This intention Frederick made known to his afflicted mother, who, with her prayers for his reformation, gave him all the contents of her private purse.

Miss Seymour, when sufficiently recovered to bear the presence of her brother, almost doubted the tears he shed, and his professions of sorrow for his past conduct, and vows of reformation; for she remembered with grief and horror, that on the very day he had before professed himself penitent for his vices, he had outraged the feelings of Lucius Dungannon, and written the challenge, which had been sufficiently fatal in its consequences, though no lives had been sacrificed; she remembered too that she had placed her signature to a bond for ten thousand pounds, to be paid out of her estate as soon as she was of age, to relieve him from pecuniary embarrassments, the very day after his
ungoverned

ungoverned passions had nearly deprived the object of her tenderest affections of life. Under these disagreeable impressions Emily parted with captain Seymour, when he set off, with his friend Vaughan, for Wales; she prayed for his reformation, but her affection for him was deadened, and she entertained but little hope that he would ever realize the fond expectations that his family had formed of him when he was a boy.

A few days only remained for the stay of lord George Hartford in town, and colonel Seymour, who doted on Emily, and really pitied her attachment to Dunggannon, whom he was compelled to admire, though his pride would not allow him to countenance his addresses, was almost afraid to leave her with her sister, lest he should be fated to see her no more; for her frame was so attenuated, and her spirits so weak, that she seemed as if ready to depart for a better world; but he yielded to the representations of his friends,
that

that the gaiety of Tunbridge Wells would be more likely to restore her health and spirits than going with him into Warwickshire, where they must depend for society and amusement on what company and entertainment should be found at Warwick, seven miles from the colonel's seat, or from two or three families in the vicinity.

To the almost broken-hearted Emily all places were alike; when she parted from her parents, she thought it was for ever, for the sickness of her mind, more than actual ill health, persuaded her she had not long to suffer, but that disappointed hope would be forgotten in the sleep of the grave. Lady George, with all her frivolity, had a sincere affection for Emily, and to prevent her giving way to melancholy retrospections, insisted on taking her about with her, to make farewell visits to all their friends, previous to their going into the country. Emily would have been better pleased to remain at home, but she was not allowed a choice.

While

While on one of these farewell calls to the honourable Mrs. Mahon, lady George had retired with Mrs. Mahon to her dressing-room, to decide on the merits of some newly-imported Parisian finery, and left Miss Seymour to the examination of a book of drawings, executed by a masterly but unfortunate artist.—“Thus it is ever,” thought Emily, as she read, in the first page of the book, that the artist had died in extreme poverty—“common minds seldom know misfortune—they have no delicacy, no sensibility, to retard them in their path to wealth; while genius and worth meet so many obstacles that they rarely attain to competency.”

She had scarcely made this melancholy reflection, when the pale, attenuated figure of Lucius Dungannon, his left arm in a sling, stood before her. Emily gazed on him for a moment, uttered the name of Lucius, and sunk on the arm he extended to support her; a gush of tears prevented her fainting. Many tender inquiries took place;

place; and the vow of living but for each other was again renewed, and sealed with a kiss as holy as truth and pure as innocence.

Sir Arthur O'Niel entered the room with Mrs. Mahon and lady George, who affected to be full of terror for the effect the presence of Mr. Dungannon might have on the weak spirits of her sister; but, to her surprise, she found Emily perfectly calm, and able to take part in the conversation: the truth was, the fears of Emily had greatly magnified the danger of Mr. Dungannon, and the evidence of her own eyes that he was sufficiently recovered to go abroad, communicated a sensation of joy to her bosom that she had despaired of ever feeling.

Sir Arthur O'Niel, perceiving that lady George looked rather stately at his nephew, said—"I suppose, madam, according to the command of colonel Seymour, this interview between these young people ought not to have taken place. But
accident

accident is no infringement of duty; and, by the powers! I must honestly confess I am very happy they have met, for I perceive, by the eyes of Lucius, that the sight of Miss Seymour has done his heart good; for when we left Stanhope-street, they were as dull as a Scotch pebble, and now they are as bright and sparkling as an Irish diamond."

Lady George was at a loss what to say that would be consistent with politeness; after an awkward hesitation, she replied—"As friends, sir Arthur O'Niel, I presume colonel Seymour would have no particular objection to Mr. Dungannon and Miss Seymour meeting."

"As friends, lady George Hartford," returned sir Arthur, rather nettled at the emphasis she laid on the words, *friends* and *particular*, "I trust they will always meet; for, by holy saint Patrick! if my nephew only possessed——"

"My dear sir," said Dungannon, eagerly
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ly interrupting him, "you forget the promise you made me."

"I was near forgetting it, I confess, Lucius," resumed sir Arthur, recovering his placidity; "but I shall be careful in future."

He then approached Emily, and pressing her cold hand, said—"Heaven bless you, my dear young lady, and send you health and happiness! I admire and respect you with all my soul; and it is because I believe you to be amiable, liberal-minded, and generous, I lament that you cannot be my niece; for let colonel Seymour set as high a value as he may on his family, I estimate my nephew still higher. Heaven bless you, sweet drooping lily!" continued he, kissing her hand, "and the blessing of a Milesian go with you wherever you go!"

Emily could not speak, but she threw her arms round O'Niel's neck, and wept, as he clasped her in his embrace. Lady George

George thought her sister's conduct extremely indecorous; but seeing Mrs. Mahon apply her cambric handkerchief to her eyes, she wept for company.

—Dungannon had feared that his uncle's resentment of the Seymour pride would have burst into a blaze; the manner in which he had suppressed his passion, and addressed Miss Seymour, astonished and affected him, for it was an incontrovertible proof of his own influence over the mind of his uncle.

Emily's tears having greatly relieved the oppression of her heart, she turned to Dungannon, and clasping his hand between both hers, said—"Farewell, dear Lucius! to obey the will of my parents is with me an indispensable duty. It is probable we may never more meet in this world; but in heaven," added she, smiling sweetly through her tears—"in heaven we may be united. Farewell, dearest of friends! be assured, the hand that may

not be yours, shall never be possessed by another."

Lady George, in spite of herself, felt affected; but considering pride a duty, she endeavoured to look displeased.—Dungannon clasped Emily to his heart—his lip pressed hers; he gazed mournfully on her for a moment, uttered—"Farewell, my first, my only love!" then leaping for support on sir Arthur O'Niel, left the house.

"What a pity that sweet young man should not be acknowledged by lord Enniscorth!" said Mrs. Mahon; "I declare I never was so sorry for any one before in my life."

"Nor I," rejoined lady George. "I am sure though I wish sir Arthur O'Niel had kept his nephew at home this morning, for I dare say Emily will be quite ill again after this interview."

"On the contrary," replied Emily, "I feel much better. I wished to see Mr. Dungannon

Dungannon before I left town, and so far from doing me an injury, I am convinced my spirits will be better from this interview: I was before apprehensive for Mr. **Dungannon's** life—that fear is now removed, and my heart,” continued she, “feels much lighter.”

“What a happiness it would be,” said **Mrs. Mahon**, “if lord **Enniscorth** could be brought to do him justice!”

“Yes, certainly,” replied lady George; “but I was quite ashamed, **Emily**, to see you behave so ridiculous with sir **Arthur O’Niel**; and then the promise you gave his nephew was extremely silly, for nothing is more improbable than lord **Enniscorth's** confessing a marriage with his mother; and you surely cannot mean to remain single all your life?”

“My heart and my lips have gone together in the vow I pledged Mr. **Dungannon**,” said **Emily**; “my family have my assurance that I will not marry without their approbation, and if to remain

single should be my choice, I trust they will not oppose it: but, I beseech you, let the subject rest, for if my own feelings do not deceive me, I shall not long give any of you uneasiness."

Mrs. Mahon was greatly interested for the young people, and when lady George took her leave, she bade Emily keep up her spirits, and depend on her writing her a faithful account of all that concerned Mr. Dungannon. This promise was received by Emily with gratitude and satisfaction, for she had no friend on whom she could rely to inform her of his health, and acquaint her with the issue of lord Enniscorth's action against sir Arthur O'Niel, which she knew was shortly to be tried in the court of King's Bench.

While lord and lady George Hartford, and Miss Seymour, were pursuing their way to Tunbridge Wells, captain Seymour, an altered man, was making the tour of North Wales with his friend captain Vaughan, whose pleasantries were continually

continually exerted to divert the deep melancholy that seemed fixing on his mind. Frederick, as was before observed, had good natural talents, which had been improved by education; his heart too possessed the germs of every generous and virtuous feeling; but too early initiated in the vices of his brother-officers, and too much noticed by women, his better principles had yielded to the corruption of example—he had become a rake, a gambler, and a coxcomb; but the noble conduct of Dungannon, like an electric shock, made him feel in every nerve his own unworthiness—it wrought an instantaneous change in his sentiments, and filled him with shame and remorse; the wild extravagance of his habits, the fopperies of his dress, gave way to reason and manly thinking; he wished to be reconciled to his father, but he felt he did not deserve to be forgiven; he paid his debt to sir Robert Milbank, and renounced his acquaintance; he also paid all his other debts

of honour, and registered "an oath in heaven," never again to be seduced to a gaming-table, for in his passion for play had originated all his vices, and all the embarrassment and waste of his property. But though relieved from the clamour of duns, the heart of Seymour suffered all the torments of a too-late repentance; he had raised sums on the estate left him by an affectionate uncle to nearly the whole of its amount; and worse, far worse than this, he had involved his sister Emily in a debt of ten thousand pounds, to liquidate which he saw no possible means: as yet indeed she wanted near three years of being of age, and in that time something might occur; but if even it was in his power to repay her the money, what should erase from her mind that he had fastened a quarrel on the man she loved, and had nearly become his murderer? what should restore him to the place he once held in her affection? These reflections would often return to his mind, and
to

to his friend captain Vaughan, who was acquainted with all his affairs, he would frequently execrate his former follies, and solemnly vow that he would never again be seduced into vice.

Having one day listened to the repetition of this vow, captain Vaughan said—
 “ Relying on this promise of yours, to comport yourself soberly and modestly, we will, if you please, direct our course towards Glen Abbey, where I may venture, on the faith of your vows, to introduce you to the virgin innocence of my aunt, Miss Ap Rice, a lady not more than fifty-six years of age, in whose bosom, perhaps, a handsome young man, and an officer too, might raise some commotions, and whose inexperience might lead her into danger, should you make her any tender professions.”

Seymour smiled.—“ Rely,” said he, “ on my discreet behaviour; I promise you, on my word of honour, not to tempt the
 G 5 simplicity

simplicity of Miss Ap Rice by asking love to her."

"I believe you," returned Vaughan, laughing, "for the countenance of the old virgin is far from inviting, and I have no other charge to give you, for Laura Ap Rice is, I suppose, at school; and if she was at home, a little Welch romp of sixteen would have but little attraction in your eyes, who have been distinguished by all the dashing belles of *last town*."

"I," answered Seymour, with a sigh—"I am exactly in the state of Hamlet—" "Man delights not me, nor woman either."

"Laura Ap Rice," resumed captain Vaughan, "might, with proper management, have made a clever woman; but her mother died when she was very young, and her father, who idolizes her, let her run wild as one of our mountain kids, till some of his friends suggested to him that, with the immense wealth to which she would be heiress, it would be shocking if, through

through ignorance, she should throw herself away on some vulgar, worthless fellow. Sir Morgan Ap Rice's pride took instant alarm; he invited his maiden sister to preside in his family, and engaged a governess to instruct his daughter in belles-lettres; but Miss Ap Rice, who has a smattering of learning, continually found fault with the governess, and disapproved her mode of instruction, till in a short time she became weary of her situation, and resigned it, telling sir Morgan plainly, if he consulted his daughter's advantage, his best plan would be to send her to a public school, as her aunt, by infusing doubts of the capability of a private teacher, would for ever prevent her from making any improvement in mind or manners. Sir Morgan was very reluctant to part with Laura, but he was aware of his sister's contradictory propensity, and saw that the advice of the governess was sensible and friendly; he sent Laura to the first school in Bath, but it is full four years since I

saw her, and in so long a time it is impossible to say how much the little madcap may be altered and improved."

After rambling to the astounding falls of the Devil's Bridge, and climbing the highest peak of Snowdon, to catch a partial view of Ireland, Scotland, and Cumberland—after visiting the ruined fortress on the summit of Cader Idris by moonlight, the travellers bade adieu to the grand and sublime scenery of North Wales, and pursued their tour over the less magnificent, but equally beautiful, hills and plains of South Wales, till they descended into the rich vale of Glamorgan. It was evening when they came in sight of Merthyr Tudfyl, where the blazing fires from the iron-works gave the astonished Seymour an idea of the infernal regions, while every now and then a black visage, seen by the glare of the fire, or enveloped in a shower of red sparks, required no violent stretch of imagination to believe it the face of a demon.

Having passed through Merthyr, which
captain

captain Seymour called Vulcan's Smithy, the road wound by the beautiful river Taff, and soon brought them in view of the ancient and magnificent mansion of sir Morgan Ap Rice, called Glen Abbey. Having dismounted at the porter's lodge, they crossed a lawn, luxuriantly interspersed with groups of flowering shrubs and evergreens; here they caught the sound of music, and, on entering the hall, beheld a blind harper, with a beard white as snow, who, with a ruddy cheerful countenance, was playing a merry tune to a party of young people, who danced to the measure with nimble steps, and faces glowing with the gay smiles of hilarity.

Sir Morgan Ap Rice was the first person sufficiently disengaged to notice his nephew and captain Seymour, whom he welcomed with that genuine hospitality which in the "olden time" characterized all the sons of Cambria, from the prince to the peasant, but which now, alas! is forgotten, or exists in the hearts of very few.

few. Miss Ap Rice's little keen grey eyes had discovered strangers, and with all the majesty and dignity of about four feet five or six inches height, she moved from the top of the hall to present her skinny lip to captain Vaughan, and make a gracious curtsy to captain Seymour.

Presently the harp paused, and sir Morgan Ap Rice having for a few moments mingled with the dancers, led a sylph by the hand (for such she appeared to the eyes of captain Seymour), who in an instant twined her ivory arms round the neck of captain Vaughan, exclaiming, in joyous accents—"Dear cousin Owen, how glad I am to see you at Glen Abbey!" then blushing "celestial rosy red," paid her compliments of welcome to captain Seymour, with a grace that would not have shamed a court; she then introduced her friends. With all of them captain Vaughan was well acquainted, and to him no moment of his life had ever been more pleasant, for among them, blushing and

and smiling, stood Margaret Lloyd, the chosen of his heart, who, though she was apprised of his return to Wales, did not expect to meet him that night at Glen Abbey. Margaret Lloyd was a smart, well-grown brunette, with intelligent dark eyes and fine teeth; but among a dozen young and blooming females Seymour could see no charms to compare with the sparkling blue eyes and nut-brown ringlets of Laura Ap Rice.

The arrival of two gentlemen was considered a most fortunate and desirable addition to the party, in which the females were the greater number. The boots of the travellers were presently exchanged for shoes, and captain Seymour had the honour and happiness to press the soft white hand of Laura in the dance. She was still a little romp, but so elegant and graceful, that Seymour often exclaimed, mentally, she would be less charming if she was less animated. In the course of the evening he danced with other young ladies,

ladies, but his gaze still followed the fairy form of Laura, as with light and agile steps she moved through the figure, her blue eyes beaming delight, and her rosy lip curved into smiles of pleasure.

At twelve o'clock the dance ceased, and Laura having with her own hand placed a goblet of wine in that of the harper, waited till he had drunk it, speaking to him the while in the kindest manner, and apologizing for having kept him from his rest till so late an hour.

The sightless harper blessed her angel face, said he was not weary, and would still play if she wished it.

"Not to-night, Llewellyn," replied she; "come, let me lead you in to supper." She then placed the old man's arm under hers, and led him from the hall.

As Seymour beheld her supporting the harper's steps, he exclaimed—"This is primeval innocence—all that is beautiful in nature is to be found in Wales—kindness and simplicity, in their loveliest forms, hover

hover round me; sure I have never lived till this blessed hour."

An elegant supper concluded the festivity of the evening, at which Miss Ap Rice presided, and displayed, more to her own innate satisfaction than to the delight of the guests, her perfect acquaintance with the minutiae of carving.

It was daylight before the company departed, and when Seymour was conducted to his chamber, the sythio form of Laura Ap Rice swam before his mental vision.—
 "What a beautiful creature!" said he, "and how amiable!—But what are her charms to me? I am a ruined man, and the heiress of sir Morgan Ap Rice is destined to a high and happy fortune."

It was in vain he endeavoured to banish the ethereal blue eyes and auburn ringlets of Laura from his thoughts—he turned many times on his pillow before he slept, and when at last his eyelids closed, he dreamed of Laura Ap Rice. His first waking thoughts were of a beautiful

tiful dark mole on her cheek, which he had longed to kiss, as her face in the dance had once nearly touched his. As he threw on his clothes, he said—"I must hasten, Vaughan, from this place, or I shall be seriously in love with this little beauty; and Heaven knows," heaving a deep sigh, "I have no need of love to make me more miserable!"

But captain Vaughan was in no haste to quit Glen Abbey; he had found Miss Lloyd, the young lady for whose sake he had taken this journey into Wales, on a visit to Laura Ap Rice, and when he met Seymour on the lawn, he disclosed to him his happiness in thus unexpectedly meeting her.—"I should," said he, "but for this fortunate circumstance, have hurried you to Caermarthen. But what is the matter, Seymour? are you struck dumb, that you have no word of congratulation to offer your friend? If you were, as I am, in love——"

"I am not certain," interrupted Seymour,

mour, gravely, "that I am not; you know you warned me of the attractions of your aunt."

"But, in spite of my prudent caution," resumed Vaughan, "you could not help viewing Miss Ap Rice with eyes of tender approbation. Her taste," continued he, laughing, "in arranging a table, and her dexterity in dissecting a chicken, are certainly great captivations; and then her person—"

"I protest I never looked at it," said Seymour.

"Not look at Miss Ap Rice!" exclaimed Vaughan—"how rude and ungallant! It is well she does not hear the declaration—you would never be forgiven. Miss Morris perhaps has ogled you out of your heart—she has piercing eyes."

"Has she?" returned Seymour; "to me she appeared the plainest girl of the whole party."

"Miss Watkins then, she is the belle of Merthyr."

Seymour

Seymour shook his head—"She will never be my belle," said he.

"Miss Howel then," resumed Vaughan—"no, Miss Roberts?"

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Seymour—"her teeth are an antidote to love."

"If you presume to think of Margaret Lloyd," said captain Vaughan, "I shall cut your throat."

"Good Heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend from jealousy!" To be candid with you," replied Seymour, "neither of the young ladies you have mentioned have engaged my thoughts, but your bewitching little cousin."

"What! Laura Ap Rice!" replied captain Vaughan, incredulously—"Laura, a rustic, a mountaineer, make an impression on your heart—you who have so often declared yourself invulnerable to the charms and graces of town-bred beauties!"

"It is the artless manner, the beautiful *naïveté* of Laura," said Seymour, "that captivates me; her every word, look, and
action,

action, seem the unsophisticated impulse of nature. Among our fashionable belles, every glance of the eye, every movement of the body, has been studied under *le maître des graces*; it is impossible to love such artificial creatures."

"I confess," returned Vaughan, "they never inspired me with the passion."

"But what have I to do with love?" resumed Seymour; "by my own imprudence I have excluded myself from the circle of domestic happiness, and all I have now to hope is the breaking out of a war; my regiment would then be ordered into service, and I might, in the field of battle, get rid of a life which my own vices have rendered wretched."

"Not very friendly of you to hope for a war," said captain Vaughan; "but sorrow is, I believe, more selfish than happiness. You don't seem to recollect that your regiment being ordered into service would tear me from the arms of my intended bride."

"Pardon

"Pardon me, I beseech you," replied Seymour; "though miserable myself, I sincerely wish you every felicity that fortune and love can bestow."

"Come, come," resumed Vaughan, "I will not suffer this despondency: it is certain you have committed extravagances—you have been led into errors; but you have seriously renounced them, and having shuddered on the brink of ruin, will hereafter more steadily avoid the gulf. By an adherence to the plan of economy you have laid down, your estate may yet be recovered; Mrs. Seymour will omit no opportunity of pleading your cause, and no doubt in a short time the colonel will be reconciled to you."

"How bright," replied captain Seymour, "do you picture the future!"

"I picture it according to probability," resumed Vaughan; "and in order to make it more sunny, I can tell you that sir Morgan Ap Rice is more anxious to match his daughter with rank than wealth, of which
he

he has an abundance, having discovered the means to transmute his iron to gold. My uncle, you must know, prides himself on being a descendant, in a regular line, from Gryffyd Ap Rhys, who, I believe, was the first king of Wales; but I know very little of these matters, and though my mother and sir Morgan have a written pedigree of their family, I have so little of the Welchman about me, that I don't remember ever looking into it; and happy it is for me that I am not the heir of sir Evan Vaughan, or I must never have expected to see my mother, or sir Morgan Ap Rice, look with a favourable eye on my choice of Margaret Lloyd, whose family, though wealthy, have little to boast on the score of ancestry."

The breakfast-bell ringing, they turned their steps towards the abbey, and saw, at a French window, Laura and her friend Miss Lloyd. Laura blushed and smiled, as she replied to the salutation of captain Seymour;

Seymour; but to captain Vaughan she held out her white hand, and said, turning to Miss Lloyd—"It is four years since I saw my cousin Owen, and I would give him a kiss, only I suppose, Margaret, you would be jealous."

Miss Lloyd looked a little confused, and replied—"Me jealous, Laura! How can you talk in this strange way?"

"I beg your pardon," resumed Laura; "I forgot captain Seymour was a stranger."

"I shall be extremely sorry, Miss Ap Rice," said Seymour, "if you determine to consider me a stranger."

"I don't feel at all inclined to treat you as one," replied Laura: "but, captain Seymour, if you wish to conciliate the favour of my aunt, you must not call me Miss Ap Rice, for, I promise you, she is extremely tenacious of that title. My friends call me Laura."

"It would be honour and happiness," said Seymour, "to be ranked in the number
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line of your friends, Miss Ap Rice—pardon my forgetfulness—Miss Laura, I mean. “I detest that formal Miss,” returned Laura, “and never permit my friends to use it. But here comes my aunt, who on no account would dispense with it.”

Miss Ap Rice now entered the breakfast-parlour, and with much state and formality having paid and received the compliments of the morning, took her seat at the breakfast-table, and began rattling the coffee-cups, and arranging them on the tray. Presently after sir Morgan made his appearance, and Laura flew to the paternal embrace, blessing and receiving the blessing of her father.

“How prodigiously childish and ill-bred!” muttered Miss Ap Rice: “when you were ten years old, Miss Laura Ap Rice, such conduct was excusable; but, after passing six years at the first seminary in Bath, that seat of elegance and fashion, who could possibly believe you would still

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throw your arms round your father's neck and kiss him, especially before strangers?"

"Before all the world," replied Laura; "I trust I shall never be ashamed to express my affection and my duty to my dear father."

"I hope not," said sir Morgan; "Heaven bless thee, my child! I see neither shame nor blame in a daughter, at any age, kissing her father."

"Sir Morgan," replied Miss Ap. Rice, "those enlightened people, the Romans, taught their children to be respectful, not familiar."

"Pour out the coffee, Winifred," said sir Morgan. "The customs of the Romans were not to be compared with those of the ancient Britons; the Romans, from what I remember to have read of them when I was a boy, were a very hard-hearted people—why I recollect something about a queen driving her chariot over the body of her own father, and a consul, or some other great man, con-

denying his own son to lose his head, though all his friends solicited him to save the poor young man's life. I hope, sister, you don't want your niece to imitate those barbarous people?"

"I am really astonished, sir Morgan, to hear you speak in this way," replied Miss Ap Rice. "The queen you allude to was Tullia, the mother of Sextus Tarquin; she is represented by all historians as a monster. But Brutus, who condemned his son to death for a conspiracy against the freedom of Rome, he was a virtuous and magnanimous character; he was——"

"An unnatural wretch," interrupted sir Morgan, "who had neither affection nor feeling. And now, Winifred, let the Romans rest, and help me to a slice of that German sausage. I don't think the Romans, after their luxurious feasts, ever introduced coffee."

"The Romans, brother, let me tell you——"

"No, Winifred, don't tell me any more
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about them," said sir Morgan, "for I am certain there was not one of them to be compared, either for valour or humanity, with the ancient or modern Cambrians."

Miss Ap Rice was offended; she wished to give captain Seymour an opinion of her erudition, and before she had well entered upon a subject, sir Morgan had most provokingly stopped her mouth with a slice of German sausage, and with much acerbity she replied—"Let the Welch boast their valour and their humanity as much as they please, they are a rude, unpolished people, and still in a state of Gothic ignorance, when compared with the English. But I trust, Miss Laura Ap Rice, you have profited by your education, and know something about the customs and manners of the Spartans and Athenians; and that, under the Julian dynasty, the fine arts flourished, and literature was thought of the greatest consequence?"

"Indeed, annt," returned Laura, "I know

know very little about the Grecians or the Romans; I dote upon music and dancing, and to this part of my education I paid the greatest attention; and I admire drawing, but am quite certain I shall never rival Angelica Kauffman."

"There is no occasion that you should, my girl," said sir Morgan. "And now, Laura, if you have done breakfast, play me 'The noble Race of Shenkin.'"

Miss Ap Rice frowned as she rejoined—"Perhaps, brother, your national tunes may not be agreeable to captain Seymour's ears."

"Perfectly, madam," replied he; "the Welch airs have always been admired for their beautiful simplicity, and I should be sorry to be so destitute of taste as to differ from the general opinion."

He then took Laura's hand, and would have led her to the pianoforte; but, with one of her lightning smiles, she said—"No, captain Seymour, our national music sounds best on a national instrument."

Seymour placed the harp before her; with inimitable grace and spirit she played "The noble Race of Shenkin," and several other of her father's favourite tunes; then pushing the harp aside, she said to Miss Lloyd—"Come, Margaret, now let us to horse, and away."

"In the name of all that is decorous, Miss Laura Ap Rice," asked her aunt, "where are you going?"

"A few miles, madam, to pay a wedding visit," replied Laura.

"You spoke of a horse, child, I think," resumed her aunt; "the carriage, I opine, would be more appropriate for the occasion; for sure the daughter of sir Morgŷu Ap Rice would not go to pay a bridal visit on horseback?"

"Even-so, aunt," said Laura; "you shall see me equipped in my habit, and mounted on Daffodil, in less than half-an-hour."

"And pray, Miss Laura Ap Rice, allow me to inquire what happy pair you are going

going to offer the compliment of congratulation to?" returned her aunt. "I have not heard the nuptials of any person announced."

"Probably not, madam," said Laura; "but a very particular friend of mine was married last Monday, and Miss Lloyd and myself are impatient to wish her joy."

Sir Morgan smiled, and put a bank-note into Laura's hand.

Captain Vaughan said, as it was a wedding visit the ladies were going to make, captain Seymour and himself would have the pleasure of attending them.

This proposal was readily assented to. The gentlemen went to give orders for their horses to be got ready, and the young ladies having retired to slip on their riding-habits, Miss Ap Rice, who was displeased with the evasive answers of her nieces, inquired of sir Morgan what person of consequence had married in the neighbourhood in the course of the week?

"A person of no less consequence," re-

plied sir Morgan, "than Laura's foster-sister, Peggy Howels."

"I am astonished that my niece," replied Miss Ap Rice, "should countenance such an audacious hussy; why, brother, she was said to be in a situation I blush to name."

"She was right then to get married as soon as she could," returned sir Morgan. "But, Winifred, I don't believe a single word of the report; the poor girl was always modest, industrious, and well-behaved, and it is not right of you, who have known her ever since she was born, to listen to such scandal."

"You are enough to vex a saint, sir Morgan—you think well of every body," said Miss Ap Rice; "you would not believe the dairymaid sold your cheese and butter, nor that Rees Jones stole wheat out of your granary; you would not be persuaded," continued she, raising her voice and reddening with passion, "that your cook and your footman carried an
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an intrigue in your house, or that the gamekeeper and laundrymaid——”

“No, Winifred,” interrupted sir Morgan; “nor I would not believe, till I caught you locked up in the summer-house together, that you admitted the addresses of Price the exciseman; to be sure you were but young at the time, but the recollection of having been imprudent yourself ought to make you merciful to the errors of those who are as young as you were thirty years ago.”

Sir Morgan left the room, and Miss Ap Rice having sat a few moments confounded by his rebuke, exclaimed, in great vexation—“This brother of mine is an ignorant unpolished bear, but he has a most provoking memory.”

Miss Ap Rice, in her youth, had been very susceptible of the tender passion, and would certainly have married the exciseman, but for the timely discovery made by her brother. In person Miss Ap Rice had always been plain, and in temper far

from placid; but the report of her fortune induced a tall Hibernian to persuade her that he was the victim of her beauty; fortunately, while Miss Ap Rice was preparing to elope with her adorer, his wife and four children arrived at Marthyr Tudfyl, and saved her from ruin. A hunting, drinking Welch squire soon after made her an offer of his hand, which she accepted, and was preparing her wedding-clothes, when he broke his neck in a fox-chase. Never having another offer, Miss Ap Rice became worse-tempered than ever, and her sharp features and spiteful-looking grey eyes, seemed to borrow their expression from the acrimony of her mind. Having renounced love, she became enamoured of literature; but the studies of Miss Ap Rice were of a heterogeneous nature, and as her understanding was not profound, her observations and quotations were not always properly made or applied. But of her own scholastic acquirements Miss Ap Rice thought highly, for she had once confounded

confounded the parson of the parish in a theological debate, and had puzzled the schoolmaster in an historical controversy. These triumphs gave her notoriety; the females looked upon her as a blue stocking, the men ridiculed and hated her.

Sir Morgan Ap Rice was a plain good man; he perfectly understood the value of his iron-works, but knew nothing at all of history or poetry; and though he seldom contradicted his sister, he believed she was in reality as unlettered as himself. Sir Morgan did not wish Laura to be able to translate Homer or Virgil, neither did he think it of any consequence that she should be acquainted with Tacitus or Pliny; but he was desirous that she should speak French fluently, understand music, and dance gracefully: and Laura Ap Rice, the beautiful mountaineer, as she was called at school, soon distanced her young companions in all she attempted to learn; for, wild and giddy as she was, her capacity was good, her perceptions clear, and

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her application unwearied, to those studies that were congenial to her taste; and when she returned home to celebrate her sixteenth year, sir Morgan was delighted to find his little romp a lovely, accomplished young woman—her wild graces softened into elegant animation, and her heart as dutiful and affectionate as ever.

The return of Laura brought many visitors to Glen Abbey, yet, though Miss Ap Rice was “declined into the vale of years,” she could not behold the attentions of the gentlemen to her niece without feelings of envy and jealousy; and in order to get rid of her torment, she was at great pains to persuade sir Morgan that Laura’s education was very incomplete, and that it was highly proper the child should return to school for two years longer at the least.

Sir Morgan did not suspect that it was the beauty of his daughter that was offensive to his sister; his idea went no farther than a supposition that she dreaded a diminution

minution of her authority, and that Laura would take upon herself to govern the household, and arrogate the submission and respect that had been paid to her since her residence at Glen Abbey.

"After the midsummer vacation, sir Morgan," said Miss Ap Rice, "I suppose Laura will return to school?"

"I do not wish she should," replied sir Morgan; "but I shall be governed in the affair by her inclination."

"Then I must take upon me to tell you, brother," resumed Miss Ap Rice, "that you do very wrong to submit an affair, of such importance to the honour of the family, to the pleasure of a thoughtless child."

"I don't believe, Winifred," returned sir Morgan, "that, at Laura's age, you considered yourself a child."

Miss Ap Rice did not choose to notice this observation, but continued to say—
"Laura knows nothing at all of needlework."

"Needlework!"

"Needlework!" repeated sir Morgan; "why your niece is not to be a seamstress, is she?"

"Penelope, Cornelia, and Lucretia, were famous at tapestry and embroidery," said Miss Ap Rice.

"And so were you, I recollect," replied sir Morgan; "witness the fire-screens, in the housekeeper's parlour, where the roses might pass for red cabbages, and the lambs for wolves! Laura will do more good by giving her needlework to those who get a living by it, than by spoiling her eyes with poring over a piece of canvas that in a few years will be considered lumber."

"Well, but, brother," returned Miss Ap Rice, "it is necessary that my niece should know something of history."

"She knows," said sir Morgan, "that her mother's ancestor was David Gam, a valiant soldier, who fought side-by-side with king Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt, and that is history enough for her to be acquainted with; for as to
your

your Neros, and your Caligulas, and Mark Anthonys, the less she knows about them the better. I do not pretend, Winifred, to trouble my memory with these foreign matters, but I can recollect enough of my schoolboy reading to be certain that their history is not at all proper for a modest woman to be informed in."

"I have read the Roman history, sir Morgan," replied Miss Ap Rice, "and no one, I believe, will venture to impeach my modesty."

"An old woman may read what she pleases," returned sir Morgan.

"An old woman!" screamed Miss Ap Rice—"an old woman! Brother, brother, your rudeness and darkness of intellect exceeds that of the Goths and Vandals!"

CHAP.

CHAPTER III.

Where shall the wand'rer find a place of rest,
 When sad he roams, oppress'd with various woes?
 What soothing state shall cheer his aching breast?
 What voice of pity bid his griefs repose?

Compassion shines in lovely woman's eye,
 In woman's voice are tender soothings found;
 With angel smile she checks each rising sigh,
 And pours the balm of hope on sorrow's wound.—Z.

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It has been said (but some will make a handle
 Of any thing, to feed their love of scandal)

That maids, whose tender wishes have miscarried,
 Grow, when past forty, in their tempers evil,
 Fretful and discontent, cross as the devil—

I mean those nymphs who never have been married. &c.

*Love in a Cottage—First Impressions—Tea-table
 Chat—A Moonlight Walk—Honourable Re-
 solutions—An Assignment—Parental Confi-
 dence—Confession of Errors—Happiness in
 Perspective.*

CAPTAIN Seymour, as he rode by the side
 of Laura Ap Rice, persuaded himself that
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he chose that station on purpose to give his friend captain Vaughan an uninterrupted opportunity of conversing with Miss Lloyd; Laura perhaps was actuated by the same self-delusion; but be this as it will, she frequently walked her horse, on pretence of pointing out gentlemen's seats, or other objects which she considered worthy of notice, to her companion, who, while listening to the music of her voice, or following with his eye the direction of her ivory finger, was too happy to remark that captain Vaughan and Miss Lloyd were out of sight, till Laura herself made the discovery.—“Let them go on,” said she, smiling—“they are lovers, and have not seen each other for a long time.”

Seymour sighed; he thought, when he left Glen Abbey, it was more than probable that he should never see Laura again.

“Why do you sigh, captain Seymour? I fear,” said Laura, “by that heavy sigh, you

you have parted from the lady of your love?"

"No, on my word," replied he—"I sigh for no absent fair one. Are you not aware that pleasure has sighs as well as regret?"

"Oh yes, for I often sigh when I am quite happy; music gives me much pleasure, yet it frequently makes me sigh."

"But you have never sighed for love, Laura?"

"No indeed," replied she, blushing—"as yet I know nothing of the passion; and from the observation I have made on Margaret Lloyd, who certainly loves my cousin Owen, I have no wish to be made acquainted with its pains or pleasures, for I have often seen her shed tears from the bare apprehension that he would in absence forget her."

"It was a groundless fear," said Seymour—"he thought of her alone; and so faithful will be the passion you inspire,

spire, who loves you, Laura, will love for ever."

Laura would have been pleased to hear Seymour declare himself this faithful lover, but the smiling animation of his countenance had vanished, and he rode silently along, his eyes bent downwards.

The road now opening to the left, discovered a smooth green, on one side of which ran a stream of water clear as crystal, and on the other stood a neat white-washed cottage, the young luxuriant shoots of a honeysuckle spreading thickly over its walls. While Seymour gazed pensively on this little tranquil spot, Laure sprang from her horse; and before he could dismount, she was locked in the arms of a pretty, neat-looking young woman, who had flown from the cottage at sight of her guests; and he heard—"My dear Peggy," and—"My dear Miss Laura," joyfully repeated on both sides.

"I give you joy, my dear Peggy," said
Laura,

Laura, again kissing her; "but I am very sorry I was not your bridesmaid."

"That would have been too great an honour for a poor girl like me, Miss Laura."

"Honour!" repeated Laura—"we are sisters. Was not your mother my mother? and have not we always loved one another dearly? You ought to have wrote, and told me you were going to be married; I would have come home a week sooner."

"You are very good," said Peggy; "but indeed, Miss Laura, my marriage was quite unexpected in a manner; some ill-natured person or other told wicked stories to my mother, and, poor soul! she hurried on the wedding. But indeed, indeed, I never deserved the base things that were said about me; and as to David Griffiths, there is not a better young man in all Wales: he has fretted himself as much as I have."

"I am sorry to hear you have either of
you

you fretted," returned Laura; "you should have treated such wicked reports with contempt. But now, I hope, Peggy, your mother is satisfied, and you are quite happy?"

"Yes, Miss Laura, as happy as the day is long; for David is so industrious and so cheerful! and makes as much of my mother as if she was his own. I am certain there is not a lady in the land happier than I am. David and I, you know, Miss Laura, married for love; we are both young, and, with care and prudence, we shall do very well."

"No doubt of it," returned Laura, "and I give you joy again and again. But where is your husband?"

Peggy blushed, and said David had gone with her mother to Merthyr, but she expected him back every moment.

Captain Seymour now advanced and offered his congratulations, and they entered the cottage, where every article that met the eye gave the conviction of cleanliness

liness and comfort. Laura asked after captain Vaughan and Miss Lloyd. Peggy smiled, and opening a back-door, discovered a garden, where not a weed or stone was to be seen, but every patch was formed with regularity, and bordered with crimson-blossomed thrift or snow-white daisies, where, in narrow borders, divided from the more useful vegetables, grew a profusion of flowers, which, by their beauty and luxuriance, gave proof of being attended with particular care. At the end of a green alley, in a bower covered with jessamine, sat Miss Lloyd and captain Vaughan; they smiled and nodded, but did not seem desirous of having their conversation interrupted.

"I hope," said Laura, "they are appointing the day of their marriage, for I am extremely desirous that it should take place before I return to school."

"To school!" repeated Seymour—"you are jesting; do you then return to school?"

"So Miss Ap Rice says," replied Laura.

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"And do you wish it?" asked Seymour.

"I can hardly tell how to answer that question," said Laura. "I dearly love my father—he is the fondest, the most indulgent of parents, and the best of men; but the temper of my aunt makes me think I should be happier at Bath with my young companions, than at home."

"Sir Morgan will not part with you again, I am certain," said Seymour—"he will not permit you to return to the dull routine of school exercises. At Glen Abbey you will have friends and lovers."

Laura made no reply, for she saw advancing towards them Peggy, and her husband, a fine healthy-looking young man. Laura placed her white hand in the sun-burnt hand of David Griffiths, and with an angel-smile bade him be kind to her dear Peggy, to whom she presented the banknote given her by her father.—
 "That money, Peggy," said she, "is to buy a cow and a horse, and such other animals

animals as you may consider necessary to your comfort."

On Peggy looked at the note in astonishment—it was for a hundred pounds! So much affected with sir Morgan's generosity to speak, she burst into tears, and giving her husband the note, pressed Laura's hand to her heart, which throbbed with grateful emotion.

"My dear young lady," said David Griffiths, "I thought myself very lucky to get Peggy for a wife, because I knew she was a clean, industrious girl, and dutiful to her mother; but sir Morgan and yourself have given her a fortune; with your bounty I shall be able to gratify Peggy's wishes."

"I am happy to hear it," replied Laura. "I hope, at every visit I make you, to hear you say you are prosperous and happy."

—She then turned to Peggy, who was weeping with joyful gratitude, and asked if she could find them a dinner, as she came

came with an intention of spending the day with her.

Peggy declared herself overjoyed, and said she had a fine barn-door fowl and gammon of bacon.

"And I," rejoined David Griffiths, "will furnish some trout fresh from the stream."

"We will dine in the pastoral style," said Laura, "under the shade of the trees, and in the meantime, Peggy, you shall give us some curds and cream."

"Yes; or, if you prefer it, Miss Laura, a syllabub; for sir Morgan sent me wine to drink at my wedding, but I thought that wine was too grand for folks in our station, and would only give people liberty to talk; so I set it by to comfort my mother with when she was sick, or in case you should come to see me."

"I will take the curds and cream," said Laura, "but no syllabub."

At the end of the garden was a little meadow, in the centre of which grew a
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group of beech-trees, under whose long flexile branches David Griffiths had constructed a rustic seat; thither Laura hastened, accompanied by captain Seymour; and thither Peggy brought a little round table, white as the curds she placed upon it.

Laura requested Peggy to ask her cousin and Miss Lloyd if they would partake her repast, but before the invitation could be carried, the lovers were coming towards them.

Miss Lloyd would have apologized to Laura for leaving her so long alone; but, with an arch smile, Laura asked if she had found the time long?

Captain Vaughan took upon himself to answer the question.—“The time, coz,” said he, “has flown, to my thinking, and Margaret has not complained of its being tedious. Notwithstanding, did I not know my friend to be an amusing companion, I should think you entitled to an apology.”

“I, neither ask nor wish an apology,”
replied

replied Laura, "for I am always happy when I see my friends so. And now," making room on the bench, "sit down, Owen, and partake my Arcadian repast, and tell me if you can resolve to plague Miss Ap Rice a little, by leaving her to dine *tête-à-tête* with my father, and remain here content with such fare as the bride and bridegroom can provide?"

"If this," said captain Vaughan, helping himself to the curds and cream, "were to be my dinner, you dear, little, mischievous soul! I could hug you for the thought. How the old virgin will fume, and complain of our rude, indecorous behaviour! how she will protest that the Greek and Roman histories present no example of such disrespectful conduct in young people!"

After their repast, in order to give Peggy time to prepare the dinner, Laura proposed that they should mount their horses, and visit the waterfalls that were at about two miles distance.

Again Seymour rode by the side of Laura, and felt that the impression she had made on his heart the first moment he beheld her, would only expire with its last throb. Seymour had many times laughed at the idea of love at first sight; he now was convinced that first impressions were indelible.

As they drew near the first waterfall, Laura's horse became restive, and began to snort and rear, and would have precipitated himself and his lovely burthen over a tremendous rock, had not Seymour, with admirable presence of mind, thrown himself off his horse, and caught the bridle, which Laura, in her fright, had dropped from her trembling hand. In this exertion of love and humanity Seymour sprained his wrist, but he succeeded in placing Laura safely on a ledge of the rock, and forgot the pain of his arm while she leaned on his shoulder, and in tremulous accents thanked him for preserving her life.

Captain

Captain Vaughan and Miss Lloyd had rode forward, but having reached the second waterfall, and seeing nothing of Seymour and Laura, they were apprehensive of some accident, and returned. The first object they beheld was Seymour's horse quietly grazing on the short sweet turf; Margaret Lloyd then became seriously alarmed, and in her terror called aloud on Laura, who then started from the supporting arm of Seymour, and answered to the anxious inquiries of her friends, who bestowed on her preserver those thanks she had been scarcely able to utter. Seymour's horse suffered himself to be caught without trouble, but Laura's had flown off, and they feared would not stop till it reached Glen Abbey, where its return without Laura would occasion the greatest alarm. Captain Vaughan would have persuaded Laura to mount his horse, but Seymour declaring himself unable to hold the bridle, from the swelling of his hand, she consented to ride his, proceeding slow-

ly, that Seymour might keep pace with her, and that she might express her sorrow for the accident he had met with in her preservation. When they had reached within half a mile of the cottage, they met David Griffiths riding Laura's horse, which he had caught, and fearing something had happened, had set off to render what assistance lay in his power; fortunately all was well except captain Seymour's wrist, and Laura's horse not having returned to Glen Abbey gave them much pleasure, as it spared sir Morgan the agony of believing his child killed.

On their return to the cottage, they found Peggy had dinner ready to place before them, and was besides dressed in her bridal attire of white. When she heard how near Laura had been to losing her life, she wept, and hugged captain Seymour, to the infinite diversion of them all. Her transport of gratitude at length subsided into compassion for his swollen hand, and she dispatched David Griffiths to a neighbour's

neighbour's house for an infallible balsam, which having applied, they sat down to dinner, placing Mrs. Griffiths at the head of the table, and her husband at the bottom, where they acquitted themselves in a way that was highly creditable to themselves, and gratifying to their guests. Never had Seymour ate so delicious a meal, for Laura cut his meat into pieces; Laura was assiduously attentive to him, and to obtain one of her heavenly smiles he would have suffered much more pain and inconvenience.

After dinner, David Griffiths placed wine on the table, and, with his wife, would have withdrawn, but Laura insisted on their remaining; and having, with her friends, drank to the health of the young couple, she inquired, with a seriousness that astonished captain Vaughan, into their prospects and designs.

David Griffiths was a carpenter—he intended to pursue his trade, and to stock, as he should from time to time be able, a

farm for his wife and her mother to manage.

Laura promised, in the name of her father, every assistance to forward the undertaking; she then gave David Griffiths instructions to make a set of dressing-boxes, which she designed to paint as a present for Miss Lloyd.

The balsam applied to his wrist and hand by Peggy had so good an effect, that captain Seymour was able to guide his horse in the evening, which raised a sort of suspicion in captain Vaughan's mind that he had declined riding, on their return from the waterfalls, merely for the sake of walking beside Laura, and guarding her from further accidents.

Declining to take tea, Laura affectionately embraced Peggy, and promised to pay her another visit shortly, when she hoped to find her mother at home; she then, in spite of the persuasions of her friends, insisted on riding Daffodil, whose neck she patted, excusing the danger he placed

placed her in by saying—"The poor fellow was frightened at the rushing sound of the water."

On their way home the party did not separate, and Seymour, as he saw the affectionate smiles exchanged between his friend and Miss Lloyd, could not suppress the wish that the same mutual love existed between himself and Laura.

When they reached Glen Abbey, they found Miss Ap Rice engaged with her particular friend Miss Mathews, who had arrived before dinner, and restrained in some degree the temper of Miss Ap Rice from breaking forth into invectives and complaints against the rudeness of the young people, who had so disrespectfully absented themselves from dinner, without even hinting to her their intention.

Captain Vaughan immediately acquainted sir Morgan with his obligations to captain Seymour, and he was even wilder than Peggy Griffiths in his demonstrations.

tions of gratitude. When informed of the hurt captain Seymour had sustained, he was for sending to Merthyr for a surgeon; but this Seymour declined, having already experienced the good effect of the balsam. Sir Morgan declared he was a noble fellow, and swore there was nothing he could ask of him that he should think too much for the preserver of his darling Laura.

Laura having narrated to her father all the particulars of her danger and captain Seymour's intrepid conduct, while she hung round his neck, and heard him bless her preserver, was almost ready to say—
“With him, my father, your Laura would be blessed,” but modesty restrained the avowal; and leaving her father to inform Miss Ap Rice of her danger and obligation to captain Seymour, she hastened to her dressing-room, wishing, for the first time in her life, to look better than well.

“Will you put on this lace frock, Miss Laura?” asked Gwethlean, an attached
servant,

servant, who had lived with lady Ap Rice before Laura was born, and had always been her attendant.

"Yes," replied Laura; "I remember, when I wore it at Bath, it was greatly admired. And give me that chaplet of white roses: heighho! I don't look so well this evening as I did at the ball before we left Bath."

"Indeed, to goodness, Miss Laura," replied Gwenny, "I think you look a great deal better, and prettier too; for since we are come back to our own dear Glamorganshire, you have got your rosy colour again. But bless us all, Miss Laura! what do you fetch that deep sigh for? I suppose now Miss Ap Rice has been speaking cross to you?"

"No indeed, I have not seen my aunt since I came home," replied Laura; "but I am thinking, when I go back to school, Gwenny, I shall not feel so happy as I used to do."

"Then I am sure, Miss Laura, I would not go, if I was you," said Gwenney.

"But Miss Ap Rice, Gwenney, insists that it is proper I should remain two years longer at school; and every body," said Laura, sighing again, "is governed, you know, by her opinion."

"More fools they," exclaimed Gwenney. "I tell you what, Miss Laura—duty is duty; but you give up too much to that cross old dev——aunt of yours, I mean. Sir Morgan, I am certain, would not desire you to go, if it is at all against your own will; but then that sweet, beautiful young man, Mr. Somerville, will break his heart if you don't go back to Bath."

"That is one of the reasons," returned Laura, "why I do not wish to go. I ought not to encourage Mr. Somerville, because I do not like him."

"Bless my soul! indeed!—sure I always thought you did like him," said Gwenney; "why,

"why, he was your partner at the rooms oftener than any other young gentleman, Miss Laura."

"That was because he is an excellent dancer," replied Laura.

"Yes, that he is," said Gwenny, "and a pretty-looking person as one can see in a long summer's day; his face is as round and as red as a ripe apple."

"I never could abide those round faces," returned Laura, "they are always so unmeaning. Have you seen captain Seymour, Gwenny—the gentleman who came here last night with my cousin Owen?—he is much handsomer than Mr. Somerville, and dances infinitely better."

"Ay, and he saved your life to-day, my own dear child," said Gwenny, "and that would make him handsome in my eyes, if he was as ugly as old Nick. Why I never saw you in this way before, Miss Laura—sighing every minute, and looking so pitiful! As I am a Christian woman, you are in love with this captain Seymour."

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"In love!" repeated Laura, her face and bosom all in a glow—"what nonsense, Gwenny!—me in love! me that am, as my aunt says, but a mere child!"

"Your aunt though," replied Gwenny, "thought about a husband when she was no older than you, or else folks tell stories of her."

"Sixteen is very young," said Laura, shaking her head; "but I shall never marry—I think not."

"Why sure, Miss Laura, you don't intend to be a cross old maid, like your aunt?" returned Gwenny—"saint David forbid! But, for all your denying, I can tell, by your fetching such deep sighs, and blushing like my scarlet wattle, that you are over head and ears in love with this captain—what is his name?"

"Captain Seymour," replied Laura.

"There now, how should you know who I meant," resumed Gwenny, "if you did not fancy him more than any body else, Miss Laura?"

"Heighho!"

"Neighbo! but what if he should not fancy me?"

"Not fancy Miss Laura Ap-Rice!" exclaimed Gwenny—"the greatest beauty and the richest heiress in Glamorganshire!—never fear that—the man does not look like a fool."

"But my aunt, Gwenny, will certainly wish me to return to school."

"But her wishes are not to get the better of yours, Miss Laura," said Gwenny. "What has she to do, contradicting and commanding at Glen Abbey, and taking your place at the head of the table, now you are grown a woman? I tell you what, Miss Laura, when your dear mother, my dear lady, was alive, the servants were all as happy as the day was long; there was no finding fault, as there is now, from morning till night. Why, do you know, Miss Laura, your aunt came in here this morning, and tumbled your dressing-boxes about, and found a hundred faults; but I soon told her I was not her

her servant, and she had nothing at all to do with me. She called me an impertinent hussy, and vowed she would have me discharged."

"You discharged?" repeated Laura, throwing her arms round Gwenny's neck — "no, never, while I am alive. But for all that, my dear Gwenny, you must remember Miss Ap Rice is my father's sister, and though she is a little odd-tempered, pay her respect on that account."

"It is quite out of my power, Miss Laura, to pay respect to a person that is so cross and out of the way, and so dissatisfied with every thing and every body. But here comes Miss Lloyd, looking as smiling as a May morning; and, to tell the truth, Miss Laura, I never saw you look prettier than you do this evening."

Laura and Miss Lloyd descended to the drawing-room together, where they found Miss Ap Rice and her friend Miss Mathews *tête-à-tête*. Miss Ap Rice looked extremely stately, and told Laura that the

the narrow escape she had that morning was a merciful sparing of Providence, to give her time to think of her follies and headstrong ways. — "You know, child," said she, "it was much against my will you went to see that girl, who, if report speaks truth, is not a proper person for Miss Laura Ap Rice to notice."

"I should have hoped, madam," replied Laura, "that the joy you would feel at my escape from such imminent danger would have softened your mind into a forgetfulness of my follies; but I see I have nothing to expect from your affection." The tears swelled in Laura's eyes, but hastily wiping them away, she added — "I am so convinced of my foster-sister's innocence and worth, that I shall continue to visit her till I am forbidden by my father, who is too liberal to suffer an idle report to obliterate from his memory her amiable qualities and uniform good conduct."

Miss Ap Rice drew herself up, and nodding

nodding her head, observed—"Children have, in these days, the presumption to think for themselves, and have opinions and ideas of their own; but, with respect to Peggy Howels, time will shew: at any rate, it was extremely rude," continued she, with increasing asperity, "to remain out, without even an intimation being given that you intended dining abroad. But the world is turned upside down—there is now no sort of subordination observed in families—children follow their own will, without paying respect to time or persons."

Miss Lloyd coloured highly, conceiving herself implied in the censure of Miss Ap Rice.—"I am very sorry, madam," said she, "if any part of my conduct has appeared deficient in proper respect."

"I did not allude to you, Miss Lloyd," returned the old spinster—"my reproof is designed for Miss Laura Ap Rice, who ought to have been dressed, and in the drawing-room, half an hour ago, to pay her
her

her respects to Miss Mathews, who intends to honour Glen Abbey with her presence for a few days."

"I had no idea, ma'am," said Laura, "that Miss Mathews could think my company necessary, when she must have been so very agreeably entertained by you."

Laura was angry, and spoke this ironically; but Miss Mathews, who had her own interest always in view, chose to understand it literally, and replied—"Very true, my dear—you have paid your aunt a just compliment—she is indeed, Miss Laura, a paragon of sense and learning—it is quite impossible to spend half an hour in company with Miss Ap Rice without being edified and improved."

"My dear friend," said Miss Ap Rice, "you overrate my little abilities."

"By no means—I merely pay a just tribute to merit," resumed Miss Mathews; "it is acknowledged that no female in the
principality

principality can pretend to your depth of understanding and erudition."

The entrance of the gentlemen gave a truce to the fulsome compliments of Miss Mathews, which, gross as they were, appeared extremely pleasing to Miss Ap Rice. Miss Mathews found it very convenient to her narrow income to flatter the vanity of Miss Ap Rice, by affecting to admire her understanding and literary acquirements: in return for flattery, Miss Ap Rice, who had a handsome independent fortune, gave frequent presents, which replenished the purse and wardrobe of her dear friend, who secretly laughed at the folly and weakness that could be so easily duped. With sir Morgan Ap Rice Miss Mathews was no favourite; he understood her character perfectly, but he also knew she was poor; and as his sister called her *friend*, he tolerated her visits at Glen Abbey, though he was certain she never came without a full lading of scandalous anecdotes,

anecdotes, which, he was sorry to observe, were particularly gratifying to his sister, who never appeared in such good-humour as when listening to the exposure of the follies and errors of her acquaintance.

Miss Ap Rice, in all the pomp and state of the old school, was presiding at the tea-table, her friend at her right hand, of whom she inquired when she saw the widow Latimer?

"I saw her in her garden a few days ago," replied Miss Mathews, "slaving and driving, just as if she was obliged to rear flowers for a livelihood. I declare the silly woman makes more fuss about her roses and carnations than many people do about their children."

"A proof of a weak head," said Miss Ap Rice, sagaciously.

"It is, at any rate, a healthful and harmless employment," observed sir Morgan.

"Not altogether harmless, you will allow, sir Morgan," resumed Miss Mathews, "if

"if a passion for flowers occasions ill-will with one's neighbours."

"What ill-will can the cultivation of flowers occasion?" asked sir Morgan.

"Why, you must know, major Dovetail has given Mrs. Latimer great offence about a carnation called the Bishop of Osnaburgh."

"Who is major Dovetail?" asked captain Vaughan; "I never heard of him."

"Very possibly, sir," replied Miss Mathews; "the man was a carpenter a few years ago, and had the good luck to get a few thousands in the lottery, about which they tell a very ludicrous story."

Sir Morgan endeavoured to turn the conversation into another channel, but Miss Ap Rice begged to hear the ludicrous story.

"I thought every body knew it," said Miss Mathews, "it is so publicly spoken of.—Soon after the lottery-prize was received, the woman who used to supply them

them with butter called, to ask how much Mrs. Dovetail would please to take?—
 ‘Five thousand and five hundred pounds,’ replied the carpenter’s wife, her head full of her husband’s good fortune. The butter-woman stared with astonishment at the largeness of the demand, and declared her inability to supply it. Mrs. Dovetail still repeated—‘Nothing less than five thousand and five hundred pounds, I promise you;’ till the woman began to suspect all was not right in her upper story. At every house where she called, the butter-woman repeated Mrs. Dovetail’s demand of five thousand and five hundred pounds, till half the town believed her poor head was turned by her husband’s success in the lottery.”

Miss Ap Rice laughed heartily.

Captain Vaughan asked—“But how, madam, came this carpenter to be elevated to the rank of major? To what regiment does he belong?”

“Major Dovetail belongs to our cavalry,
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ry, sir," replied Miss Mathews; "and if you were once to see him mounted on his charger, you would not forget him in a hurry; for it is hard to tell which is the leanest animal—the major or his horse."

"But what about the carnation and Mrs. Latimer?" asked Miss Ap Rice.

"Why you must know, my dear friend," replied Miss Mathews, "Mrs. Latimer was always curious in plants, and had a tolerable collection, which she used to display at her parlour-window; Mrs. Dovetail fell in love with some of them, and requested slips and cuttings, which were very readily given her. At last Mrs. Latimer heard that a purple-and-white carnation flourished in the major's garden; Mrs. Latimer had some years before brought this identical carnation from England, and had given slips and layers from it to different persons, till at last the only remaining root she had died; having no idea of a refusal, she wrote Mrs. Dovetail a polite note, requesting the favour of a slip of her purple-and-

and white carnation. Mrs. Dovetail said the gardener was out, and desired the messenger would call again. Mrs. Latimer, anxious to obtain this favourite flower, sent the second time. Her servant saw the major, who, with great pomposity and consequence, declared he could not think of giving a slip of the carnation; for he had bought it at captain Drinkdeep's sale, and there being none of the sort in town, he intended to keep it entirely to himself."

"What a selfish brute!" exclaimed Miss Ap Rice: "but what liberality could be expected from a carpenter, whom every one knows to be ignorant and low-bred?"

"Mrs. Latimer," resumed Miss Mathews, "was a good deal mortified at the refusal, but she sent to England directly, and got not only the Bishop of Osnaburgh, but the Yellow Admiral, which she intends this summer to display in her parlour-window, to excite the envy of the selfish major."

"I should delight in plaguing him,"

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said Miss Ap Rice, "because he is an upstart—a branch of a very low and disgraceful family."

"Major Dovetail is not answerable for the faults of his family," observed sir Morgan; "and by-the-bye, Winifred, few families are without black sheep in them."

"Poor Mrs. Latimer meets nothing but ingratitude: Mr. Dandyman, the banker, refused to cash a bill for her the other day, though it was drawn upon and accepted by one of the first mercantile houses in London," said Miss Mathews.

"That is a strange circumstance indeed," returned sir Morgan. "Mr. Dandyman must have had some reason, I should suppose, for his refusal."

"Merely," replied Miss Mathews, "that the bill was drawn at four months: but the sum being only twenty pounds, and Mrs. Latimer so very well known, and offering to pay interest as well as discount, he might have made an exception to his banking-house rules, to oblige a person who

who had actually inconvenienced herself to accommodate Mrs. Dandyman with her Bath chair for three weeks, and even suffering her to take it into the country, when Mrs. Latimer herself was not able to walk the length of a street, and was compelled to confine herself to the house while she obliged a stranger."

"Well, really," rejoined Miss Ap Rice, "I thought Mr. Dandyman a different character—of rather a liberal turn than otherwise."

"Oh dear, yes?" returned Miss Mathews—"extremely liberal, as you shall hear. At the time his wife had Mrs. Latimer's Bath chair, he sent his servant to acquaint her that he had some very good porter, if she would like a little; was not that a liberal and polite message to send to a gentlewoman? Mrs. Latimer of course declined the little porter, and wondered how any persons, wishing to be considered genteel, could be so grossly coarse in their manners."

"Not over-delicate, it must be confessed," said sir Morgan. "If Mr. Dandyman considered himself under an obligation to Mrs. Latimer, he might have returned it in a more gentlemanly way, than to send her word he had some good porter, if she would like a little; it seemed as if himself kept a pot-house, to which she might send a jug and get a pint."

"Certainly it was strange conduct," resumed Miss Mathews, "to a person who was his superior by birth, and quite his equal in education."

"I am astonished at Mr. Dandyman's refusing to cash a good bill," said Miss Ap Rice, "and for a person who had so essentially obliged his wife; it was extremely ungrateful, and seems more extraordinary, when it is remembered that he has the character of being a very gallant man."

"Oh dear, yes!" replied Miss Mathews—"the married gentlemen of our town are notorious for their gallantries. There has been a fine fuss lately about the gal-
lantries

ladies of a certain married gentleman with a little flirting widow, who never was famous for wit or beauty; but, for my part, I think ladies should content themselves with a single gentleman, and not disturb the peace of families; for though wives may look as if they were cut out of a piece of cheese-curd, it must be very mortifying to find themselves neglected by husbands they have enabled to set up their carriages."

"The widow you allude to," rejoined Miss Ap Rice, "is not at all handsomer than the wife. I recollect, when she was married to Vellum, the lawyer, she was called a pretty woman; but a friend of mine, who danced with her at a ball, observed that 'fine feathers make fine birds,' and that he wondered how Vellum could tie himself to such a piece of conceit and insipidity."

"Mrs. Vellum has done very wrong," observed sir Morgan, "if she has admitted the attentions of a married man; for let

his wife be ever so plain, he has solemnly sworn, before the altar of his Maker, to love, cherish, and, forsaking all others, keep to her alone; and whenever this sacred contract is broken, the tempter and the tempted are equally guilty; and it is right they should meet scorn and contempt from the world; for a man given to these gallantries, as they are called, makes no scruple to seduce the wife of his friend, and one of these flirting widows may insidiously introduce uneasiness and discord into a family that was once all harmony and happiness."

"Pray, Miss Ap Rice, did you ever hear that parson Lofty's wife's grandfather was a day-labourer?" asked Miss Mathews; "Mr. Sevan, of Vulture Bush, told me he was."

"He told you very true," replied Miss Ap Rice; "and he might have added that Mr. Lofty's own father was a parish-clerk, and that he has never been qualified by a college education to mount the pulpit."

pit. But to see Mrs. Lofty, and the high priest her husband, any uninformed person might believe, from the consequence they assume, that they were descended from nobility."

"It is actually laughable," rejoined Miss Mathews, "to see Mrs. Lofty's sister preceding the nursemaids when the children are permitted to take the air, and desiring every person she meets to go off the pavement, for fear their breath should contaminate the little idols—and to see with what patience the naturally irascible-tempered soul puts up with the rude replies and pointblank refusals of the *canaille*, who tell her the street is free for every one, and ask her who Mr. Lofty is, that his children are to be paid more respect to than if they were the king's?"

"What ridiculous conduct!—nay, it is worse," said sir Morgan—"it is tempting Providence. I really thought the old maiden had more sense. She ought to know that the plague and the pestilence, and all

sorts of distempers, come in the air we breathe; and that persons passing hastily along the open street were not likely to give disorders to children they never even touch."

"This is pride, brother—rank pride," observed Miss Ap Rice, "and certainly is very unbecoming in persons of low origin, who can hardly tell whether they ever had a great-grandfather or not."

"Pride, Winifred," returned Mr. Morgan, "is unbecoming in any rank of life; it is the sin that cast the angels out of heaven, as we are taught to believe, and doubtless must be very offensive in the sight of our Maker. I am sorry to say, it is very conspicuous in Mr. Lofty, his wife, and her sister; and he, as a preacher of the gospel, ought not only to mortify the sin of pride in himself, but constantly to admonish his family against it."

The young people, whom politeness had made silent hearers of this conversation, were pleased when the removal of the tea-things

things allowed them to seek amusement; sir Morgan retired to settle some accounts with the agents in his iron-works; and the two old ladies, seating themselves at piquet, gave Laura an opportunity to inquire of Seymour whether his wrist felt easy.

Seymour's greatest pain was at his heart, but Laura's look of compassion, and the tender tone in which her inquiries were made, lulled every uneasy feeling; and while his present moments were brightened with the sunshine of her smiles, he ceased to reflect that the hour of separation would arrive, and hopeless love would cast a deeper gloom on his misfortunes.

In the evening a party from Merthyr Taffyl called, to invite Laura and her friends to a rural fete on the banks of the Taff, given by the son of sir Morris Powel, with a view to render himself agreeable to Laura; but, alas for him! Mr. Powel was not the sort of person to engage her regard, had her heart been free. To his

K. 5. compliments

compliments and professions of love Laura paid little or no attention; and when reprimanded by her aunt for not being sufficiently respectful to a person of his family and wealth, she thought him absolutely frightful and disagreeable.

Mr. Powel had been taught to believe that young ladies just returned from school were always bashful, and particularly so when addressed on a love-subject; he therefore had no notion that Laura's monosyllable-replies were indications of dislike to his person, but supposed them the impulse of reserve and maiden-modesty.

A few words preferred to Laura in the strain of a lover caught the ear of Seymour, and he felt at once the pangs of jealousy, and the annihilation of hope. Mr. Powel was of an ancient family—the only son of a rich baronet; what objection could Laura form to such a lover?—certainly none; Mr. Powel was a desirable match in every respect—family, character, wealth, all in his favour. Seymour he,
came

came more melancholy than ever: on the appointed day he could form no excuse, but went in the train of Laura to Pen Gwynn, the seat of sir Morris Powel: there the coarse, boisterous manners of the baronet, and an ostentatious display of wealth, disgusted him; and though music, dancing, and feasting, held out their attractions, and many dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked nymphs courted his notice, yet his mind refused to partake in the festivity that surrounded him, for Laura's hand was made the exclusive right of Mr. Powel; and Laura, when her eyes accidentally encountered his, expressed no dissatisfaction—her mouth was dimpled with smiles, and her elastic step seemed impelled by the gaiety of her heart. Seymour felt jealous and offended—Laura was all mirth and pleasure; he was miserable, but what had she to do with his misery?—he had never told her of his love—never would; but he would fly her presence, for he could not bear the torture of

K. 6.

seeing.

seeing her smile upon another. The only pleasurable moment Seymour felt, was when Laura declined passing the night at Pen Gwynn, and persisted in returning home; when Mr. Powel handed her into the carriage, he could scarcely forbear snatching her hand from him; and while captain Vaughan, Miss Lloyd, and Laura, expatiated on the pleasures of the day, Seymour was silent, for his anguished feelings would not permit him to say he had been happy. To some questions addressed to him by Laura, he made replies that convinced her he was displeased at something, but pride and modesty forbade inquiry, and, hurt at the coldness of his manner, the tears started to her eyes; and fearing to trust her voice, she sunk back in the corner of the carriage, and left Margaret Lloyd and captain Vaughan to decide on the particular merits of the dancers, about whom they were conversing.

Near a month passed, and Mr. Powel was every day at Glen Abbey; and every day.

day Seymour proposed to Vaughan that they should pursue their tour; but Margaret Lloyd was to remain the guest of Laura Ap Rice till the return of her mother from Brecon, and Seymour's gloom and restlessness had no effect on him, for till Miss Lloyd returned home, captain Vaughan was not to be moved by Seymour's wish to depart.

Miss Ap Rice perceiving she should fail in her design of sending Laura to school again, and being greatly offended at the servants, who persisted in calling her their mistress, considered it politic, to prevent the ruin of her own dominion at Glen Abbey, by getting rid of her niece in some way; and though, in the sage estimation of Miss Ap Rice, Laura was a mere chit—a child, yet it would be well to get her married out of the way; she would, in that case, reside in a house of her own; and as sir Morris Powel was so desirous of the match, she determined to help it forward by every aid in her power; and

and to this intent she deputed herself to Mr. Powel with an affability so extraordinary, as to induce her brother to believe the old maid was endeavouring to make an interest for herself in the young man's heart; but while Miss Ap Rice distinguished the heir of sir Morris Powel with every mark of unequivocal approbation, she absolutely wearied her niece with commendations of his person, his sense, his politeness, and good temper.

His person, Laura thought, strongly resembled the coarseness of his father's; his sense she absolutely denied; his good temper she doubted; and though Mr. Powel was unremitting in his visits, she never in any way affected to believe, they were paid to her. To her faithful, kind-hearted Gwenny, she frankly declared her utter detestation of Mr. Powel, and her fixed resolve never to encourage his addresses; but when questioned respecting her regard for captain Seymour, she would blush, and reply—"Captain Seymour never

ver gave me reason to suppose he thinks of me; and you know, Gwenny, he is always very melancholy, and that perhaps proceeds from his being in love with some English lady, whose hand he cannot obtain. I think he deserves to be happy; and I wish," added she, with a sigh—"yes, I most sincerely wish him every happiness that the world can afford."

As yet, Mr. Powel had made no absolute declaration of his passion for Laura to sir Morgan Ap Rice—he wished to be certain that she would accept him; but to Miss Ap Rice, his friend and counsellor, he had opened his mind, and expressed a doubt of his success, from having noticed that Laura paid very little attention to him when he wished to engage her in conversation, but that she listened with her soul in her eyes whenever captain Seymour addressed her.

"Captain Seymour is a stranger to us," replied Miss Ap Rice; "he was brought to Glen Abbey by my nephew, Owen Vaughan,

Vaughan, and will depart with him. You will recollect, Mr. Powel, that he preserved Laura's life; and what you mistake for partiality in her conduct, is only gratitude. No, no—my niece will never choose a husband out of her own country; and with respect to her shyness and inattention to you, that may be only *finesse*—a little female artifice, to prove the strength and stability of your regard."

"If I thought so," replied Mr. Powel, "I should be quite easy."

"Nothing more, depend upon it," said the old maid; "young ladies often affect indifference to the object their hearts most incline to favour."

Satisfied with this assurance, Mr. Powel continued to persecute Laura with his attentions, and torture Seymour with jealousy; and at last settled it with Miss Ar Rice, that his father, sir Morris Powel, should ride over to Glen Abbey the following Thursday, and propose a marriage between his son and Laura in due form.

Laura

Laura and Margaret Lloyd, attended by Vaughan and Seymour, had spent the day with some friends at the distance of two miles; and the evening being particularly fine, they had sent back the carriage, determined to walk home through a wood belonging to Glen Abbey. The path was narrow, and would not admit more than two persons abreast; captain Vaughan and Miss Lloyd walked first, and perhaps the wide world did not contain two persons more perfectly happy, for they were secure of each other's affection, and no obstacles were thrown in the way of their nuptials, which were to be appointed on Mrs. Lloyd's return from Brecon—theirs was the light brisk pace of pleasure and content. Seymour and Laura sauntered slowly after them—their minds were far from tranquil or happy—they loved, but each doubted having an influence over the heart of the other; the pensive shade of twilight seemed to affect their spirits—they walked without uttering

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ing a sentence—a sigh now and then burst from the bosom of Seymour, as he reflected on the felicity he had lost by his vices and imprudence; these sighs were echoed by softer and gentler ones from Laura, as she thought of the hour when she should be separated from Seymour, and of the sickness of heart she should feel when constrained to listen to the disgusting professions of Mr. Powel, and the tedious disquisitions and admonitions of her aunt. While thus lost in meditation, the moon rose above the tall trees, and threw a flood of radiance over their path, while a light breeze fanning the honeysuckles and violets, diffused round them a delicious odour. Suddenly Seymour threw his eyes upward—he beheld the silver orb of night sailing along the blue arch of heaven in cloudless majesty, and exclaimed—

———“ Mine own lov'd light,
That ev'ry soft and solemn spirit worships,
That lovers love so well—strange joy is thine,
That lend'st thy light to rapture and despair;

Alike

Alas, on mingling or on breaking hearts
Thou smil'st, in throned beauty."

Seymour repeated these lines in an accent so mournful, that Laura was more than ever convinced he was in love, and without hope. With much innocence and compassion she said—"But yours, captain Seymour, is not a breaking heart, I trust; you surely cannot be the victim of despair?"

"Yes," replied he, turning on her eyes full of grief—"yes, Laura, mine is a breaking heart, for I love, without daring to wish a return; and why should I, who seek not your favour, who solicit not your pity—why should I hesitate to confess I adore you?—and, knowing the impossibility of obtaining your love, I despair."

"You have never solicited my love," replied Laura, casting down her eyes with the timidity of bashfulness.

"No," resumed he, "I dared not; because I knew I was unworthy of you—I wished not that you should bestow your innocent

innocent affections on a wretch contaminated with vice; but yet I could not behold you, Laura, without adoring you—without feeling the torture of self-condemnation, and wishing that we had met before error and extravagance had rendered it impossible that I should aspire to your hand.”

“Impossible!” repeated Laura. “Alas! of what crimes do you accuse yourself?”

The eyes of Seymour rested for a moment on the innocent ones of Laura— their expression was tenderness and sorrow; he clasped her to his bosom, and with feelings of agony exclaimed—“Oh! would to Heaven that I were worthy of your love!—But banish me, I entreat you, from your heart—allow me no place in your thoughts; for I am ruined in fortune—am an alien to my home; my vices have banished me from the presence of my father, and of all the numerous friends that crowded round me in my days of prosperity, not one remains to me but Owen Vaughan.

Vaughan. Think then, lovely and beloved Laura, am I a man for the heiress of sir Morgan Ap Rice to bestow a thought upon?"

"Yes," replied Laura, dropping tears on the hand that clasped hers—"yes; for if your mind was not purified from error, if your principles were not truly honourable, you would not make this confession. I am convinced, let your faults be of what nature they may, you have renounced them."

"I abhor, I detest myself," said Seymour, "for having committed them; but repentance, Laura, avails nothing—I am a ruined man; and, to add to my afflictions, I have beheld you; it was impossible to be acquainted with you, and not be as much charmed with the perfections of your mind as the graces of your person; but I will tear myself away—I will not have the sin of rendering you unhappy added to my load of guilt—I will quit Glen Abbey. I will pray that you may forget

forget me, but your image shall be cherished in my heart—the remembrance of your purity shall hereafter preserve me from wandering into error.”

Laura beheld captain Vaughan and Miss Lloyd waiting for them at a gate that opened on the lawn.—“We are at home sooner than I expected,” said Laura. “I wish,” continued she, hesitatingly, “you would ingenuously tell me all your errors.”

“If I thought you would not absolutely hate me,” returned Seymour, “I would confess them to you as truly as to Heaven.”

“Does not Heaven promise pardon to the penitent?” said Laura; “are we not told to compassionate the afflicted? Do not fear my hatred; I wish to speak—to tell you—but this is not the time or the place.”

“To-morrow then,” replied Seymour.

“I shall not rest,” interrupted Laura; “till I have spoken with you on this subject so interesting to my feelings. Instead of retiring to bed, repair to the gallery—

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we shall there have an opportunity of conversing without the fear of interruption."

Seymour promised to attend.

They had reached the gate, which captain Vaughan held open.—"One would suppose you a pair of true lovers," said he, "by the slowness of your steps."

"No; I protest," replied Laura, "captain Seymour has been warning me against the passion."

"And will you take warning?" asked Miss Lloyd.

"If I were certain to gain a lover faithful as yours, Margaret," replied Laura, "I do not think I should."

"No man could be unfaithful to you," said Seymour; "having loved you, it is impossible his heart could attach itself to another."

"And yet," rejoined Vaughan, "if Laura refuses Mr. Powel, he will certainly make a second choice."

"I hope he will," said Laura, "for I shall assuredly refuse him. But I should
be

be sorry if he renounced matrimony on my account."

"Your aunt declares him the finest young man in the principality," rejoined Miss Eloyd, "and thinks his alliance very desirous."

"As she admires his red hair, and protests he has a classical head," replied Laura, "she had better marry him herself; for, take my word for it, I never will."

"This obstinacy argues a pre-engaged heart, coz," said captain Vaughan. "Come, confess; does not your disobedience to the wishes of Miss Ap Rice proceed from your having taken a fancy to a certain melancholy-looking gentleman of my——"

"Hold there," replied Laura, disengaging her hand, which he had taken—"you are not my confessor, cousin Owen; but as to my heart, I trust it will always be found ready to subdue any silly predilection it might feel, should it be despised or rejected."

As she spoke, she looked at Seymour; he

he felt her meaning, and was assured the beautiful, unsophisticated Laura loved him; and he also felt that honour, stern and inflexible, commanded him to reject her tenderness, to fly from her pretence, and embrace misery himself to ensure her happiness.

When they entered the supper-room, sir Morgan spoke of the fineness of the evening, and hoped their walk had been pleasant; but Miss Ap Rice mentioned the lateness of the hour—"Near nine o'clock," said she, looking at the gold watch that hung at her side—"extremely indecorous and imprudent for young ladies to be walking through a wood at such a time of night."

"I hope, aunt," replied captain Vaughan, "you don't pretend to see any impropriety in Miss Lloyd and my cousin Laura walking, if it was ten o'clock, with captain Seymour and me?"

"Nine o'clock, nephew, is a late hour," persisted Miss Ap Rice; "and if I am
L asked

asked my opinion, I shall assuredly give it against young ladies walking, even with cousins, at such a time of night."

"You have given your opinion unasked, Winifred," rejoined sir Morgan; "and, in my opinion, you are too nice by half. But I know there are people in the world who strain at gnats and swallow camels. I recollect when you were shut up in the observatory with the German professor, the man with the queer name, till four in the morning, and now——"

"A very different case, brother," interrupted Miss Ap Rice—"the professor and myself sat up together to watch the transit of Venus; besides, sir Morgan, the baron Kauferhausen was a philosopher and an astronomer—his thoughts were entirely occupied by the movements of the heavenly bodies—he had no earthly passions, no carnal inclinations."

Seymour and Vaughan were ready to laugh, as sir Morgan surveyed his sister with a look that seemed to say, there was
nothing

nothing in her person to tempt the baron from his contemplation of the heavenly bodies.

The lateness of her walk being so severely censured by Miss Ap Rice, Laura, as she sat at supper, began to reflect on the imprudence she had committed in appointing captain Seymour to meet her in the gallery; but as she had no opportunity to forbid his coming, and besides, did not wish to appear capricious in his eyes, she concluded on taking Gwenny with her, which, at any rate, would do away the imprudence of meeting him alone.

The family being, as he supposed, retired to rest, captain Seymour stole unperceived to the gallery, where he had not waited long, before Laura, attended by Gwenny, joined him. Seymour pressed her hand to his lips, as she said she feared she had trespassed on decorum, in making an appointment with him at all, but particularly at that really-late hour; "but I trust, captain Seymour," added she, "you
L. 2 will

will not accuse me of impropriety, for the lecture my aunt has given me to-night makes me apprehensive that I am doing wrong."

"Intentions pure as yours," replied Seymour, "can only be censured by malice or villainy."

Laura approached one of the Gothic windows, the casement of which she opened.—"See," said she, "how brightly the moon silvers the paths of the shrubbery! So clear and so bright," added she, turning to Seymour with a smile, "will be your future days."

"You will not say I deserve such days," replied Seymour, "when I have told you the history of my follies."

"I am to pass sentence," said Laura, seating herself on a low couch beside Gwenny, who, in the course of a few moments, fell comfortably asleep, though her curiosity had been upon the alert to hear the conversation between her young mistress and captain Seymour; his confession, however,

however, was made, and Laura had mingled her tears with his, and had declared him worthy of forgiveness and of her love; yet Gwenny was none the wiser—she was dreaming of the pleasures of Bath, and fancying that Mr. Somerville gave her half-a-crown to deliver a letter to Miss Laura Ap Rice.

“Dear, amiable Laura,” said captain Seymour, “I will not take advantage of your generous partiality; I have told you that my own property is mortgaged to its utmost value—I have confessed to you that my sister is engaged in a bond of ten thousand pounds for me, and that I am disclaimed by my father; under such humiliating circumstances, I dare not aspire to your hand—I cannot presume to acquaint sir Morgan Ap Rice with my passion—he would spurn my alliance; no, dearest Laura, the treasure of this hand,” his tears falling on it, “is for some happier, worthier man; while all that remains

L. S.

for

for me is to pray for your felicity—to banish myself from your presence.”

“And the sooner the better,” exclaimed Miss Ap Rice, throwing open a door close by the couch on which Laura sat and Gwenny still slept, and appearing, to the astonished eyes of Seymour and her niece, like one of the furies—“the sooner you quit Glen Abbey the better, you smooth-tongued hypocrite! And is it for your sake, a gambler and a profligate, that this young minx refuses to be the wife of a gentleman of family and fortune—a young gentleman, who has never been accused of a single deviation from the right path!—I am glad I have found you out; my sagacity is seldom deceived—I suspected you had a design upon this young obstinate; I am glad I have discovered your private meetings. Laura Ap Rice, you may well be confounded at your own shameless conduct; I wonder you were not afraid, with the portraits of
your

your family hanging round you, to act so contrary to the examples of decorum and delicacy they have left behind them.— And you, you vile, abominable, go-between! you secret-keeper! you snake-in-the-grass!" raved she, shaking the unconscious Gwenny by the shoulder—"wake, you monstrous abettor of evil!"

Gwenny opened her large grey eyes and stared, then, quite insensible of the presence of Miss Ap Rice, asked—"What is the matter?"

"You shall know that in the morning, you concealer of iniquity!" resumed Miss Ap Rice; "this is the last night, you wicked wretch, that ever you shall pass at Glen Abbey, take my word for it!"

"I request, aunt, that you will allow me to speak," said Laura.

"Don't presume to call me aunt," returned Miss Ap Rice; "your indiscretion, your indelicacy, girl, make me shrink from owning any affinity with so degraded a person."

"Nay then, madam," said Seymour, "hear me. The angel you are thus upbraiding——"

"Don't offer to speak to me, man," interrupted Miss Ap Rice—"don't contaminate the chastity of my ears by attempting to excuse your flagitious conduct; I insist that you quit my presence instantly, and, as soon as it is light, Glen Abbey, the hospitality of which you have ungratefully rewarded, by a base undermining of——"

A loud shriek from Gwenny cut Miss Ap Rice short in her invectives; Laura's delicacy was so shocked by her aunt's coarse expressions and inferences, that she fainted; Seymour, darting a look of indignation on Miss Ap Rice, flew to support Laura, while Gwenny's screams entirely drowned the ravings of the old spinster. In the midst of this scene of confusion, sir Morgan made his appearance, in his morning-gown and slippers, with a loaded pistol in each hand, and captain Vaughan,

Vaughan, without waistcoat or coat, armed with his drawn sword.

"Where are the thieves?" demanded sir Morgan, supposing robbers had broken into the house.

"Thieves!" repeated Miss Ap Rice—"there are worse than thieves in the house."

Sir Morgan now saw the situation of Laura, and in great alarm he asked—"What is the matter with my child?"

"Ask that villain," replied Miss Ap Rice, pointing to Seymour—"ask him how your daughter came in that state."

"Captain Seymour, madam," said Vaughan, "I am certain, does not merit the appellation of villain."

"Owen Vaughan, are you the son of my sister?" asked Miss Ap Rice, with a sneer; "you are a man of honour and courage, to let your cousin recline on the bosom of her destroyer!"

"What the devil are you talking of?" asked sir Morgan—"what do you mean?"

"I mean that your honourable nephew," replied Miss Ap Rice, "has introduced a gambler and a libertine to the acquaintance of Laura Ap Rice. I listened to the vile wretch's confession—his own words have convicted and condemned him, and the ruin of your daughter——"

"Winifred," interrupted sir Morgan, "get to your chamber; I am the properest person to speak on this occasion."

"I entreat you to believe, sir Morgan," said Seymour, "that I never, even in thought, betrayed the purity of this angel."

"I will pledge my life for the honour of my friend," rejoined captain Vaughan.

"Miss Laura is so innocent as the babe that is unborn," sobbed Gwenny, "and the only wicked person here is Miss Ap Rice her own self. Oh dear! oh dear! she has killed my dear Miss Laura."

"No, thank Heaven! not quite, Gwenny," said sir Morgan; for Laura was now recovering, and had recognized her father, who was hanging over her with tender anxiety,

2

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY. . . 221

guaranty, and entreating her to speak to him.

Seymour being restored to composure, by seeing Laura able to sit up without support, turned to sir Morgan, and said—
“To-morrow morning, sir, I shall be ready to give you any explanation you may require; and I hope to prove to your satisfaction that I am not the villain Miss Ap Rice would persuade you to believe me.”

“Yet, my dearest father,” said Laura, “to-morrow morning I will tell you all—I will convince you that captain Seymour deserves your praise, not your censure; to-morrow morning I will tell you every secret of my heart.”

“And when these explanations are given, madam,” rejoined captain Vaughan, “I think you will blush for your unfeminine language and conduct.”

“Insist upon their explanations now, brother,” said Miss Ap Rice; “do not give them time to trump up a vindication of themselves.”

"Go to bed, Winifred, and compose your spirits," returned sir Morgan; "I have an insight into this affair, in which I am persuaded there is much more imprudence than guilt; I am certain that Laura, with her usual candour, would have told me why she was here in the gallery, at past midnight, with captain Seymour, without your putting yourself to the trouble of watching and listening."

"Here's monstrous ingratitude!" exclaimed Miss Ap Rice—"here's thanks for my having watched early and late to preserve the honour of the family immaculate!—No, sir Morgan, no—your ingenuous daughter would not have told you she was alone in the gallery, at past midnight, with a man, if I had not caught her in the absolute fact."

"I was not alone, madam," replied Laura—"Gwenmy was with me."

"You might equally as well have been alone," retorted Miss Ap Rice—"that stupid wench was fast asleep; you might have beat

beat a drum under her ears without waking her; I was obliged to shake her well before I could make her open her eyes."

"Yes, my shoulders bear witness to your shaking," replied Gwenny—"I am sure you have left the marks of your fingers there, in black and blue."

"I wish you had been fast asleep, Winifred," said sir Morgan—"we should not have been disturbed out of our beds. But come, my darling," affectionately kissing Laura's cheek, "do you retire to rest, and take my confidence and my blessing with you."

Laura threw herself into her father's arms.—"Dearest, best of parents," said she, "be assured I will never forfeit your blessing, or deceive your confidence."—She then extended her hand to Seymour, who respectfully kissed it.—"Captain Seymour," said she, "for my sake, I trust, you will pardon the hasty expressions of my aunt. I have been prevented saying to

to you all I intended, but to-morrow, in the presence of my father, we will renew our conversation." She then bade captain Vaughan good-night, made a slight bend to Miss Ap Rice, and, attended by Gwen-ny, retired to her chamber.

"Notwithstanding the ravings of this madwoman," said sir Morgan, "I cannot believe you had any dishonourable design, captain Seymour, in this assignation with my daughter. As a parent, I greatly disapprove the privacy of your meeting, and the lateness of the hour; but in the belief that your explanation will in some degree palliate its imprudence, I bid you good-night."

"Did him quit your house, brother," rejoined Miss Ap Rice, "and insist on your hopeful nephew bearing him company."

"I should be extremely sorry, madam, to be considered an intruder," returned Seymour; "and if sir Morgan will allow me

one half an hour's conversation with him in the presence of captain Vaughan, I shall then be ready to take my leave."

"And whenever my friend quits Glen Abbey," said captain Vaughan, indignant-ly, "I shall most assuredly accompany him."

"So much the better," replied Miss Ap Rice; "for it was an axiom of those wise people the Romans——"

"D—n the Romans, and you too!" sir Morgan was going to say; but restraining his anger, he bade her either retire instantly to bed or quit the house, whichever was most agreeable to her.—"Young gentlemen," continued he, "I request that you take no notice of this woman, who, in the blindness of her folly, takes the liberty of dismissing my guests. Good-night! I shall expect you to-morrow morning in the library."

Sir Morgan glancing a look of anger on his sister, departed immediately, Seymour and Vaughan retired together, and Miss

Ap

Ap Rice, though highly offended at the contempt thrown upon her red-hot zeal for the honour of the family, took wit in her anger, and preferred reposing her limbs on a down-bed to quitting Glen Abbey.

Gwenthlean, in much trouble, asked Laura what excuse she would make to sir Morgan for being with the captain, in the gallery, at that time of the night?

"I will certainly tell him the truth," replied Laura.

"Then I am sure, Miss Laura, you must tell sir Morgan that you are in love with the captain."

Laura sighed.

"It is for poor me to sigh, and cry too," continued Gwenny; "for Miss Ap Rice will get me discharged for going along with you to meet the captain. And if I am to part from you, Miss Laura," added she, sobbing, "I had rather she would have me killed at once."

"Take comfort, my dear Gwenny," said

Laura,

Laura, "and be satisfied that no one shall discharge you while I live; the worst that can befall us will be to be sent away to Bath."

"And that would be no punishment at all to me," replied Gwenny, wiping her eyes, "for then I should be out of the hearing of Miss Ap Rice; and, as I hope to be saved, Miss Laura, I would as soon hear a screech-owl at any time as her voice."

Sir Morgan Ap Rice, whose own heart and principles were just and upright, entertained no doubt of the honour of captain Seymour; though he suspected there was a mutual passion between him and Laura, he smiled, as he laid his head on his pillow, and said—"The young man is of a family ancient and honourable as my own; his person is greatly in his favour; he is sensible and well-educated; what can a parent wish for more? His being poor shall be no objection—Laura will have money sufficient for both."

Miss

Miss Ap Rice had promised all her influence to Mr. Powel, and that her niece should bestow a thought on any other was a crime against her supremacy; and that sir Morgan should encourage his daughter in her rebellion, and countenance her imprudence, put the blood of the old spinster in a ferment.—“But to-morrow,” said she, “to-morrow will no doubt restore sir Morgan to his senses—he will see through their flimsy excuses—he will no doubt see things in their proper light, and either remand his daughter to school, or insist on her marrying Mr. Powel; and, in either case, I shall maintain my authority as mistress of Glen Abbey.”

In the morning, captain Seymour wished that Laura should see sir Morgan before he waited upon him, being certain that she would ingenuously declare he had met her in the gallery by her own appointment; and to ensure this, he pretended indisposition, and himself and captain Vaughan breakfasted alone.

Margaret

Margaret Lloyd, who had neither seen her friend nor her lover, was obliged to listen to the misrepresentations of Miss Ap Rice, and to witness the exultation with which she declared herself quite certain that captain Seymour was ashamed to face her, after her having overheard his shameful confession of having gambled away all his own property, and involved the fortune of his sister; but while waiting with spiteful anxiety for the appearance of her brother and her niece, she was informed that sir Morgan had ordered breakfast into the library for himself and Laura.—“Very pretty treatment indeed!” exclaimed Miss Ap Rice; “so I am excluded from their explanations, and you and me are to entertain each other, Miss Lloyd! Extremely indecorous conduct truly! And I am to lose the opportunity of telling my story first! and, what with Laura’s coaxing, and my impertinent nephew Owen Vaughan’s representations, and his coadjutor’s denial, whatever I can say

say will go for nothing at all. But if sir Morgan does not rue his foolish indulgence of this forward, imprudent girl, I wonder."

"Surely, madam," replied Miss Lloyd, "you are not speaking of Laura Ap Rice?"

"Yes, Miss Lloyd, I am speaking of Laura Ap Rice; but I need not expect that you will take my side of the question."

"Certainly not, madam, against my friend," returned Miss Lloyd, "particularly when I never observed any thing either forward or imprudent in her behaviour."

"I am extremely obliged to you, Miss Lloyd, for contradicting me," said Miss Ap Rice; "but the world is actually turned upside down—no respect, no decorum is to be expected from young people now-a-days.—John, what are you sniggering at? Do you hear, fellow?—are you deaf?"

"No, ma'am," replied the man.

"No,

"No, ma'am!—you stupid, dolt!—yes, ma'am, you mean."

"No indeed sure," resumed John; "for I can hear very well."

"Do you dare take the liberty to make me an answer?" exclaimed Miss Ap Rice; "I will have you discharged for your impertinence."

"As soon as ever you please, ma'am," returned the man; "I had thoughts of giving warning, if you had not threatened to discharge me. I lived with sir Morgan Ap Rice ten years before you came to Glen Abbey, and never had a cross word from him; but ever since you have been here, there has been nothing but complaints."

"Quit my presence, fellow," said Miss Ap Rice; "and do you hear, send Gwenny Jones to me."

In a few moments the man returned, to say that Gwenny was in the library with sir Morgan and Miss Laura.

"So, so! mighty fine!" muttered Miss
Ap

Ap Rice—"every body's story heard but mine—even a servant-wench listened to in preference to me!—Pretty usage for a woman of my understanding and abilities—I who ought to have been at the head, who ought to have been consulted, and entreated to decide on the treatment proper to be bestowed on the shameless girl and her paramour!"

Nothing could be more uncomfortable than the morning repast of Miss Lloyd, who was condemned to listen to the spiteful remarks and illiberal censures Miss Ap Rice bestowed on Laura and captain Vaughan, while politeness prevented her rising from the breakfast-table and quitting the room, which she was several times inclined to do.

In the meantime the innocent Laura, with artless candour, had made an avowal to her father of her predilection in favour of captain Seymour—she had owned, with noble frankness, her having invited him to meet her in the gallery, that she might hear

hear his reasons for resolving to fly from her presence, whom, he solemnly protested, had inspired him with a passion pure and unchangeable; she also related with feeling and energy captain Seymour's own confession, which deprived him of the hope of obtaining her hand, and banished him from her presence for ever; Laura wept, and sir Morgan, several times during her recital, affected to cough.

"Captain Seymour is what I thought him," said sir Morgan—"an honourable-minded young man."

"And will it not be a pity," asked Laura, "that he should be made miserable all his life, because he has been seduced into error and extravagance? Indeed, sir, he is so ashamed of his past follies, and so penitent, that I am certain he will never again fall into them."

"And he is such a beautiful young man," said Gwenny, "it will be a sorrowful thing if he should hang himself, or drown himself, about Miss Laura."

"Who

"Who bade you speak?" returned sir Morgan.

"Nobody told me to speak, to be sure," replied Gwenny; "but I can never bear to see my own dear Miss Laura weeping, and grieving, and crying, and making her beautiful blue eyes as red as ferrets."

"What does Laura cry about?" asked sir Morgan; "I insist upon it that you tell me the truth, Gwenny."

"The truth!—yes indeed, sir Morgan, that I will," replied Gwenny; "I never told but one lie in my life, and then to be sure the devil himself put it into my head. Miss Laura cries and frets about captain Seymour, and if she should pine herself into a consumption, and die——"

"Why that would break my heart," said sir Morgan. "But we must prevent this, Gwenny."

Captain Vaughan now appeared, and asked if sir Morgan was ready to receive his friend?

Laura begged leave to retire, and as she
quitted

quitted the library, she entreated her father to look with a lenient eye on the errors of captain Seymour, and to remember that his own condemnation and remorse were sufficient punishment.

Sir Morgan Ap Rice had himself, in his youth, been wild and extravagant, but his love for the mother of Laura had reclaimed him; and while generously remembering his own errors, he did not incline to be over-severe on those of Seymour.

Unpleasing as was the task of disclosing his faults, and laying open the poverty to which his extravagance had brought him, Seymour went through it with manly firmness; he confessed himself fondly attached to Laura, and lamented the fatal consequences of his misconduct, that rendered it necessary he should tear himself from her and every hope of happiness.—

“ I have now, I trust, sir Morgan Ap Rice,” said Seymour, “ exonerated myself from the charge of having formed dishonourable designs on your angelic daughter

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—no,

—no, Heaven be my witness! I would sacrifice my life in defence of her innocence, but never could be villain enough to wish to sully it. I have now, sir, only to thank you for your hospitality, to assure you of my ardent and sincere wishes for your happiness, and to bid you farewell!”

“And whither,” demanded sir Morgan, “do you intend bending your course?”

“My sisters,” returned Seymour, “are at Tunbridge Wells—I will join them.”

“Not yet, young man,” said sir Morgan, shaking him kindly by the hand—“Owen Vaughan cannot dispense with your company at his nuptials, Laura will want you to sing duets with her, and I shall want you to help me to keep Miss Ap Rice in order.”

Seymour doubted his senses—he gazed with astonishment on sir Morgan, and replied—“My dear sir, you cannot mean—”

“I mean,” interrupted sir Morgan, “to reconcile you to your father—I mean to pay

pay your debts, and marry you to Laura Ap Rice, if, after one year's trial, I find you continue to deserve her."

Seymour fell at the feet of the benevolent Welchman, but his feelings denied him the power of utterance—he could only embrace his knees.

"From this hour," resumed sir Morgan, "I consider you my son; and I request that you will, without delay, write to colonel Seymour an account of your prospects and intentions, which I will back with an abridged genealogy of the family of Ap Rice, and an estimate of the property to which Laura will be heiress at my demise, and also the amount of the fortune I will give her on the day of marriage. I was a wild young dog myself, and almost broke my mother's heart; but as soon as ever I became sensible of an honourable passion, I cast away my vices, and became—but self-praise is no commendation."

"I will endeavour to imitate your example,"

M 2

ample," said Seymour. "But what man could be base or vicious, with the prospect of calling the lovely, innocent Laura, his?—Vaughan, my friend, I am indebted to you for more than life—I owe you eternal gratitude; in guiding my restless footsteps hither, you have bestowed on me health, peace, and happiness."

"Heaven be praised!" returned Vaughan, shaking his head, "I at last see a cheerful smile on your face!—May you be as happy as I wish you, and as I know you will deserve to be! Had I not been well acquainted with your heart, I would not have suffered you to remain a single day in the company of Laura Ap Rice. But no more adverting to the past—Congratulations sir Morgan, Laura, and myself, that my chosen friend will become my relation."

"And now, Seymour," rejoined sir Morgan, "I give you free leave to make love to Laura, and to walk with her, and talk with her in the gallery, but not at midnight,

night, mind—not at midnight, even though Gwenny Jones should be one of the party.”

“I give you my honour, sir Morgan—”

“Enough, enough,” interrupted the warm-hearted Welchman—“I confide the happiness of my darling child to your keeping, relying that you will not expose yourself or her to temptation.” At that moment Laura and Miss Lloyd passed the window.—“I will not detain you,” said sir Morgan, smiling; “go and make the little heart of Laura as happy as mine feels at this moment.”

Seymour and Vaughan hastened after Laura and Miss Lloyd, who turned into the shrubbery.

Sir Morgan seated himself at his writing-table, but before he had composed a line, Miss Ap Rice broke in upon him with—“So, brother, at last I have gained admittance to your presence!”

“Winifred,” replied sir Morgan, “if you are inclined to behave like a rational woman, I am glad to see you; but if you

intend to rave as you did last night, I tell you plainly, I am not disposed to hear my daughter censured, or my intended son-in-law calumniated."

"Am I awake?" exclaimed Miss Ap Rice; "could any thing be more indecorous than Laura's conduct? The Roman virgins, let me tell you, brother——"

"No, I will not be told," interrupted sir Morgan; "what the devil have I to do with Roman virgins? Once more, Winifred, I tell you, keep your learning and your advice to yourself; I have no doubt of my daughter's discretion, or captain Seymour's honour; Laura likes him, and I like him."

"Like a gambler—a libertine! You are out of your senses, brother—your head should be shaved—you should be blistered and let blood. But my niece shall never throw herself away in so disgraceful a manner."

"My daughter, Laura Ap Rice, shall, if she pleases, marry Frederick Seymour,"
said

said sir Morgan; "and if the match displeases you, Winifred, you have my permission to endow an hospital with your fortune, instead of bequeathing it to your niece."

"What will sir Morris Powel say to this?" resumed Miss Ap Rice; "what will the world say? You reject a fine young man—a Welchman, and bestow your daughter upon a stranger—a Saxon! Is this your love of your country? is this your patriotism!—for shame, for shame! Would a Roman father have acted as you do?—no. When the daughter of Marcus Flaminius——"

"Confound Marcus Flaminius and his daughter!" said sir Morgan—"I care nothing about what the Romans did; I tell you, Laura Ap Rice is my child, and I shall bestow her on the man she loves. I have no wish half so near my heart as her happiness, and in doing all I can to promote it, I trust I am performing the duty of a parent."

M 4

"Brother,

"Brother, brother," replied Miss Ap Rice, "you were always self-willed and obstinate."

"Sister, sister, you were always contradictory and opiniated."

"Mr. Powel is a much fitter match than this stranger, sir Morgan."

"Marry him yourself, if you like, Miss Ap Rice."

"I shall never bring myself to sit at table with this man, after what I overheard last night," said Miss Ap Rice.

"Laura can take your place," replied sir Morgan.

"I see how it is," replied Miss Ap Rice, crying for spite—"I see plain enough you want to get rid of me."

"I should be very happy, Winifred," replied sir Morgan, "to get rid of your ill temper."

CHAPTER IV.

——Night shadows the sky, but this darkness is noon-day splendour, compared with the gloom of guilt, and the horror of superstition, that hears in every sighing gale the groan of souls in jeopardy, and sees in every waving shrub a disembodied spirit. To the wretch so tortured, life affords no enjoyment, nor does the grave present a place of refuge; for busy thoughts will crowd the brain—of judgment after death—of other dreary realms of pain and woe, where crime must meet its punishment—a doom so terrible, that but to think on curdles the blood with terror, and shakes with fearful tremblings the strongest nerves.

Reflections on Superstition.

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The storm has borne away on its wings the heavy clouds that shadowed the sky; the sun darts forth in his glory, to dry the tears that hang on the green mantle of nature. Thus, oh son of man! shall thy sorrows pass away, even as the loud howling storm and the dark cloud. Z.

Charity rewarded—Renovation of Hope—A Visit to Chelsea—Effects of Superstition—An Irishman's Chère Amie—Important Confessions—A sudden Death—Truth told at last.

THE poor woman Mr. Dungannon had so humanely conducted to the house of the

M 5

widow

widow Austin, after his departure was placed in bed—a luxury she had been long deprived of, where she soon sunk into forgetfulness of want and sorrow. Her sleep lasted for some hours, and when she awoke, the kind Mrs. Austin gave her the nourishing refreshment she had prepared for her. Having rendered Heaven thanks, the poor woman asked the name of her generous benefactor?

“His name!—Heaven bless his noble heart! I do not know whether the wickedness of his father will allow him to have a name at all,” replied the widow Austin; “however, his good uncle, sir Arthur O’Niel, is trying to prove that he is the lawful-born son of lord Enniscorth. At present he is called the honourable Mr. Durgannon; but if sir Arthur O’Niel can find no witnesses to his sister’s marriage (and he is advertising for them all over the world), why this blessed young gentleman will be sworn out of his right, and have no name left him but his uncle’s.”

The

The stranger, who had been attentively listening to the widow Austin, suddenly fell back on her pillow. Mrs. Austin thought she was dead, but she still lived, though she was seized with a paralytic affection, that took away her speech and the entire use of her right side. While in this afflicted state, Mr. Dungannon was unremitting in his humane attentions; he procured the suffering creature the attendance of his friend Orme, and took care that she should want no comfort in her lamentable illness, that he supposed would render her situation less distressing. Several times she had held his arm in the feeble clasp of her left hand—she had fixed her eyes with affecting earnestness on his face—she had laboured to give utterance to her thoughts, but no articulate sound issued from her pale, quivering lips; and after these unavailing efforts to speak, she would raise her eyes full of tears to heaven, as if in supplication. All this emotion Dungannon placed to the

M 6. account

account of gratitude, and deeply affected by the sufferings he witnessed, he always took his leave of the widow Austin with a renewed charge to be kind and attentive to the poor stranger, and to be careful to render her passage to the grave as smooth as possible, it appearing to him that her sufferings must shortly terminate in death.

The important trial with lord Enniscorth was to come on the ensuing term, and as sir Arthur O'Niel entertained no hope of bringing forward a single witness to prove the marriage of his sister, the triumph of lord Enniscorth was by both parties considered certain; the only proof sir Arthur possessed was the letter addressed to her husband, found among the papers of the unfortunate Rhoda; and this sir Arthur, well acquainted with the law, knew was too feeble an evidence to be relied upon; and as there remained no prospect of success, he endeavoured to prepare himself and Lucius for the total annihilation of their expectations.

The

The disgrace of illegitimacy was, in the opinion of Dunganinon, of far more consequence than the loss of titles and fortune; for, foremost in the train of misfortunes attendant on the stigma cast on his angel mother, stood the total wreck of his heart's peace in the loss of Emily Seymour: and though, to spare his generous, indulgent uncle additional pain, he assumed an appearance of resignation, his bosom was in reality torn with anguish, regret, and despair.

Sir Arthur O'Niel had determined to plead his own cause at the approaching trial, and he had been speaking to Lucius on the subject, when a message arrived from the widow Austin, requesting that Mr. Dunganinon would come with all possible speed to her house. Lucius supposed that the object of his charity was dead, and that Mrs. Austin wanted his orders respecting the funeral; making the excuses that were readily admitted by sir Arthur, he immediately followed the messenger,

senger, reflecting on the mercy of Providence, that had released the poor mendicant from her painful sufferings—"She is happily released from the various ills that assail mortality," said he, mentally; "and at this moment, perhaps, she feels a blessed transition from misery to perfect felicity. Had I died in infancy, how much wretchedness my unhappy mother would have been spared! the last moments of her life would not have been embittered by anxiety for my future welfare!—and for me, I should not have known the ~~suffering~~ of wounded pride, or the torture of loving without hope."

The widow Austin flew to meet Dunganannon; she told him the poor woman was not only alive, but had recovered her speech, and had expressed an uneasy impatience to see him.

Dunganannon hastened up stairs. The stranger had arisen from her bed, and, though she was ashy pale, looked infinitely better than when he had last seen her.

To

To his inquiries respecting her health she replied—"I feel another creature, and most humbly return Heaven thanks for my restored speech, which will enable me to repay in some measure your charity and generosity; yes," continued she, "injured and oppressed as you are, the just and merciful Creator will make me its instrument to establish and confirm your rights. I have been led hither, through sickness and poverty, by the hand of a wise and gracious Providence, even to the very apartment in which she drew her last breath, to serve the son of Rhoda O'Niel."

Dungannon, whose every faculty seemed to be turned to ear while she spoke, now, in almost-breathless agitation, uttered—"My mother—did you know my mother?"

"Yes," replied the stranger, "I knew the lovely, amiable Rhoda O'Niel, long before her ill-fated acquaintance with your father; I lived with her aunt, lady Antrim."

trim. My name is Shela Conolly. I was present at Rhoda O'Niel's marriage with the heir of Enniscorth."

Dungannon's heart palpitated with joyful emotion, as he exclaimed—"Heaven will not permit the wicked to triumph. Blessed messenger of peace to a nearly broken heart, go on!"

"The marriage-ceremony," resumed Shela Conolly, "was performed by father Sullivan, at his own house, in the presence of Margaret Malony, Dennis Sullivan, and myself; I left Ireland a few days afterwards, and went with a family to the East Indies. It was my misfortune to meet with a distant relation of my own name at Madras, who persuaded me to marry him; he was a soldier, and turned out idle, drunken, and worthless. After spending several years in great wretchedness abroad, the regiment to which he belonged was ordered home; the constitution of my husband was worn out—he died before we had been at sea a month; and a fever

fever breaking out among the ship's crew, I was seized with it, and was landed at Portsmouth, in a state unable to assist myself, or bestow any care on the very little property I possessed. While I was abroad, I heard from my only brother, that he had left Ireland, was married, and kept a shop at Gravesend; as soon as I was able to crawl about, I left Portsmouth, with the hope that I should have a comfortable home with my brother, till I got strength, and was able to procure a living for myself; but, to my grief and disappointment, when I arrived at Gravesend, I found my brother had unfortunately failed in business, and had sailed only three days before, with his wife and children, for America. The grief and surprise of this intelligence overcame me—I fainted, and relapsed again into fever and delirium; how long I continued in this state I know not, but when I recovered my senses, I found myself in a wretched hotel, with no other clothes than the rags I had

had about me when you met me, perishing with fatigue and famine. The poor creatures who had taken care of me in my illness, had no other means of support but what they obtained from begging in the streets; when able to move about, I was compelled to ask charity also, but pride prevented me from being a clamorous and persevering beggar. I did not obtain sufficient to support nature, and I was actually perishing with famine when your bounty relieved me."

"Never will you experience want again, in any shape," returned Dungannon; "my generous uncle, sir Arthur O'Niel, Shela, is rich—large will be his bounty, unceasing his gratitude to you, who will remove the stigma of dishonour from his house, who will restore the fame of his beloved sister."

The heart of Dungannon was full—he thought of the unmerited afflictions of his mother—of his own desertion, and subsequent injuries from an unnatural father;

he

he thought too, with emotions of tenderness, on Emily Seymour—with gratitude of sir Arthur O'Niel; and clasping his hands, and elevating his expressive eyes, he poured out a prayer of thanksgiving for the great mercy bestowed in the recovery of Shela's speech, and of supplication that, through her means, lord Enniscorth might be made to feel the wickedness of his conduct, and be moved to acknowledge his marriage with his mother, whose heart he had broken by deserting and disclaiming her. Dungannon made many inquiries respecting this much-injured mother of Shela Conolly, and by her was confirmed in his uncle's report of her extreme beauty of person and amiable qualities.

Fearing to fatigue Shela too much, Dungannon had bade her farewell, when his friend Orme arrived to participate in the joy of her disclosure. Orme's opinion of Shela's recovery was no longer doubtful, and having ordered her strengthening medicines,

medicines, he returned with Dungannon to Stanhope-street, to cheer the almost despondent sir Arthur O'Neil with the pleasing intelligence, that one witness was found to confute the villainy of lord Enniscorth.

Sir Arthur, in the extravagance of his joy, forgot his gout, capered about the room, and almost smothered his nephew and Orme with his embraces; he protested that Shela Conolly was a jewel of a creature, and that she should eat gold, drink gold, and wear gold—"Och, by the saints!" said he, "the creature shall never again know what the shape of want is like—she shall live all the days of her life, either in the land of saints or in England. Faith now, and the appearance of little Shela will be after frightening the truth out of your scoundrel of a father, Lucius; for as to hoping to teach him compunction by appealing to his feelings—och, you might just as well whistle a tune to a milestone! Great luck to little Shela Conolly!"

"Molly!" continued he, ringing the bell; "we will drink long life to the jewel of a creature in a bottle of madeira."

As Orme would have excused himself, by saying he had promised to go to the opera with lady Mapleton.

"Your wife is an amiable woman, and deserves every attention you can pay her," resumed sir Arthur, "and she will greatly approve your drinking to the health of Shela Conolly. My fine fellow, you shall go to the opera, and Lucius shall go, and, by saint Patrick! I will shew my queer phiz there; I have not been to the opera these ten years, but I shall go there this evening—though, between ourselves, all their fine Italian quavers and crotchets are nothing at all sure, in my ears, compared with 'Gramachree Molly,' or 'Erin's the home of my heart.'"

Sir Arthur O'Niel kept his word—he made one of the party in lady Mapleton's box, where his droll and pertinent remarks on the performance of a serious opera greatly

greatly contributed to heighten the entertainment of the evening, till, on casting his eyes round the theatre, he discovered the enemy of his happiness, lord Enniscorth, seated between her ladyship and Nugent Dungannon. Lucius had seen them when they first entered their box, but as he had not distressed his uncle by a disclosure of his having met his father at his banker's, or of the interview he had been appointed to at his own house, he smothered, as well as he was able, the emotions the present recognition occasioned him. Sir Arthur had not an equal command over his feelings; he had tried to vanquish them in a hu-m-ph of more than usual length, but it would not do—his blood seemed boiling in his veins, and he could not forbear pointing out lord Enniscorth to his nephew.—“That bloated wretch, Lucius,” said he, “is your father; and that sickly-looking ape on his left hand hopes to jostle you out of your right; but we shall see.”

The

The mirth of sir Arthur was now changed to rage, and it was with difficulty Dungannon and Orme prevented his going to drag lord Enniscorth from his box, to give him personal satisfaction.

The eyes of lord Enniscorth had, in wandering round the theatre, discovered sir Arthur O'Niel and Lucius, and he became so much and so evidently discomposed, that lady Enniscorth, supposing him unwell, proposed their returning home; but this his lordship declined; and though dreading to encounter the stern glance of O'Niel, could not forbear gazing on the two objects in nature most repugnant to his sight, from the painful consciousness of having deeply and basely injured them.

Every instant the muttered execrations of sir Arthur put lady Mapleton in terror, for she feared that he would upbraid lord Enniscorth with his villainy, even in that public place; but lady Enniscorth having followed the direction of his lordship's eyes,

eyes, soon found out the cause of his discomposure and perturbation, and not knowing to what lengths the fury of sir Arthur O'Niel might lead him, nor how lord Enniscorth might conduct himself, should they meet face to face in quitting the opera-house, she artfully affected sudden illness, and, attended by his lordship and her son, she withdrew, secretly exulting in a manœuvre that had prevented a public exposure.

"It is well they are gone sure," said sir Arthur; "for, by the powers! I am not certain that I should have been able to prevent my passion from bursting out. Did you notice her ladyship, as they call her?—och now, and she is not to be compared for beauty with your mother, Lucius, no more than a yellow buttercup is to be compared with a lily!"

Orme observed that Nugent Dunganon looked extremely ill.

"Not worse than his villain of a father," replied O'Niel. "No one would ever imagine

gine that bloated monster had been a lady-killer, and yet I remember the time when all the silly girls in Dublin were going mad after him."

"Young Nugent is certainly in a consumption," said Orme.

"I am sorry for the poor lad," replied sir Arthur—"he cannot help the baseness of his father; but if he should die, he can very well be spared, and he will escape much mortification and disappointment."

"Lady Enniscorth is spoken of as a proud, violent-tempered woman," observed lady Mapleton; "she is greatly censured by her acquaintance for her weak indulgence of her son, who resembles her in person and disposition."

"His lordship's domestic comforts are not greatly to be envied then," resumed sir Arthur. "But her pride and her temper may be humbled before she is after dreaming of the storm that is gathering over her head.—But, Lucius, my boy, what is the matter? why are you so dull?"

N

"I am

"I am not dull, my dear sir," replied he—"I am only thoughtful."

"By the powers!" returned sir Arthur, "if you are meditating on the party that have just departed, I must be after telling you your thoughts are very ill employed, sure."

O'Niel turned to reply to an observation of Orme's, and Mr. Dungannon relapsed again into reflections on the obduracy of his father, and the general opprobrium he would inevitably incur when his marriage with Rhoda O'Niel was actually proved. From this public exposure and disgrace Lucius would willingly have preserved lord Enniscorth, had it been possible; but his mother's fame, the hand of Emily Seymour, rested on the publicity of his villany; and Dungannon sighed to think his hour of proudest exultation would not be without an alloy of regret and bitterness.

Sir Arthur O'Niel and Mr. Dungannon supped in Albemarle-street, where remarking that his nephew still remained serious and

and silent, sir Arthur jocosely asked if he was thinking of Emily Seymour?

Dungannon sighed.

“Och, by the powers!” resumed O’Niel, “but this love is a very comical sort of a thing, for it has made your face, Lucius, as long as my arm, sure! Well, I trust in a short time you will be after sending, instead of sighing so much; though, to speak the honest truth of my mind, I am not at all pleased with the pride of colonel Seymour, or his mad-headed son; and, only that I believe the poor little girl is as much in love with you as you are with her, she should never, with my consent, belong to the family of O’Niel. But she is a sweet, pretty, affectionate creature; and when she threw her lily-white arms round my neck, I forgave the rest of her family for her sake. So cheer up your spirits, my boy—Emily Seymour shall be your wife; and I intend to live and dandle a little Arthur O’Niel on my knee.”

Dungannon’s eyes brightened with gratitude

titude as he said—"Whether I shall ever be so happy as to call Emily Seymour my wife or not, I trust your life, my dear sir, will be prolonged many, many years!"

Sir Arthur affectionately pressed his nephew's hand, and having protested against late hours, he ordered his carriage. Orme proposed a bumper to the health of Sheila Conolly: this was not to be resisted.—"Great luck to the creature!" said sir Arthur, raising the brimming glass to his lips; "may the soul live all the days of her life!" He then promised to go with Orme and Lucius in the morning to visit her; he bade lady Mapleton good night, declaring, if her first-born was not a son, he should be quite offended, as he proposed to himself the pleasure of being its godfather.

On their way home, sir Arthur observed to Lucius that the domestic felicity of Orme and his wife was a pleasing argument in favour of matrimony.

"Orme has an excellent heart," replied Lucius.

"And deserves the prosperity which he has attained," said sir Arthur; "and I am much pleased to remark that his good fortune has not rendered him proud and assuming. I have known men unexpectedly elevated to fortune, so changed as even to forget their own relations and most intimate friends."

"That will never be the case with Orme," returned Lucius; "he continues the most respectful and dutiful of sons, and the kindest and sincerest of friends; his wife is an amiable woman, they are fondly attached to each other, and no doubt the infant they expect will greatly increase their connubial happiness, as Orme is particularly fond of children."

The next morning a letter was delivered to Mr. Dungannon, that prevented sir Arthur O'Niel from going, as he intended, to visit Shela Conolly—it came from the

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discharged

discharged footman of colonel Seymour,
and was as follows:—

“ HONRED SUR,

“ This fue lins coms toe hinform
you, has i has got a place by haxidant, the
nax mornin ater you wos so kint has toe
giv me fife ginnes. The parson has i livs
with his a Paddey from Cork, i nose by
is linger; i thynks by im has he his a bite
crak hin is hed, he dose muter so toe im-
self! hand he dose luke so wild! hand he
dose hoffer mak manshion off your nam,
hand off sum lord Hinnescof; so i drops
you this lind, toe lett you no has is name
his muster O’Conner, hand he livs hatt
nombur tun, Stone-strete, Chelsea. So no
more hatt presunt from your humbel ser-
vant,

JAMES DANNIALS.”

“ I will set off for Chelsea immediately,”
said sir Arthur O’Niel; “ for it appears by
this

this Mr. O'Conner so often mentioning your name and that of lord Enniscorth, he must know something of your affairs. Who can tell, being an Irishman, but he may be an acquaintance of Dennis Sullivan's, and may be able to direct me to him?"

Mr. Dungannon, aware of the hasty temper of his uncle, would have put off his visit to Shela Conolly, and accompanied him to Chelsea; but to this sir Arthur objected, observing that, going alone, there would be less suspicion of the motive of his calling in Stone-street, as he should state he took the liberty, presuming he was the Mr. O'Conner to whom lord Austincourt paid an annuity; and that, no longer acting as the solicitor of his lordship, he had merely called to inform him that Mr. Moreland, of Clement's Inn, had now the management of the earl's business.

Sir Arthur having convinced Lucius of the policy of his going alone to Chelsea,

soon reached the house of Mr. O'Conner. The street-door was opened by James, who informed him that his master was in a very melancholy way, and that he did not know whether Mrs. O'Conner (his kept lady) would suffer him to be spoke with; for she was master as well as mistress, and led the poor man a miserable sort of a life, while she spent all his money upon her brother, as she called him; "but," said James, winking his eye, "that is only to blind master, for I am as much her brother as he is. But, Lord help us! there is strange doings in this house."

The shrill voice of Mrs. O'Conner desiring to know who was at the door, stopped the mouth of James, who was requested to announce a gentleman from lord Austincourt on business.

A tall bold-looking woman soon made her appearance, and informed sir Arthur that her husband was too ill to converse on business, but that, as she always managed his affairs, she supposed her presence

some would answer as well as Mr. O'Conner's.

Sir Arthur expressed himself sorry that he could not speak with Mr. O'Conner.

Mrs. O'Conner was very urgent to know his name and his business, neither of which sir Arthur chose to disclose; but, being wearied with her impertinent interrogations, bade her inform her master that he came to speak with him from lord Austin-court.

Mrs. O'Conner repeated the word *master* with much scorn, and again declared her husband was too ill to see strangers, or talk about business.

"I will wait then till he is better," said sir Arthur, entering a parlour, the door of which stood open; "I have stood in your passage sure till my legs ache, and now, by saint Patrick! I will sit here till I have speech with Mr. O'Conner. And now, Mrs. O'Conner, since you choose to be called so, be after telling him that a countryman of his own requests to see him."

Mrs. O'Connor flew in a rage—Sir Arthur whistled “Erin go bra!”—till, finding him determined not to depart without seeing O'Connor, she went to inform him that there was one of his own impudent countrymen had taken possession of an armchair in the parlour, and refused to tell her his business.

Sir Arthur waited a few moments; the door again opened, and, to his equal joy and astonishment, he beheld Dennis Sullivan, but so pale and thin, that he seemed only the shadow of himself.

“O’Niel,” exclaimed Sullivan, in a hollow voice, “who sent you here? who told you where to find me? Well, be after bearing witness, I did not send for you—I did not seek you out. I promised, when I took the bag of gold from Dungannon, that I would change my name, and never set foot in Ireland again; so I did—I have kept my oath; but, for all that, I knew I should be found at last—I was certain, if I hid myself in the cave of a desert,

desert, I should not be concealed. The old man often tells me I shall come to a bad end."

"So then Dennis Sullivan and Mr. O'Conner are one and the same person?" said sir Arthur.

"No, they are not," replied Sullivan—"there is not the least resemblance sure; for when I was Dennis Sullivan, I was a merry, free-hearted, thoughtless fellow; but ever since I was after taking up the name of Mr. O'Conner, I have been sore-hearted, and full of heavy thoughts; for, every time I see the old man, he says I have no chance of being happy in this world, or in the next."

"Botheration to the old man and his croaking!" replied sir Arthur; "don't be after believing a word he says, Dennis. But what old man do you speak about?"

"Och, honey, my uncle, sure," resumed Sullivan. "When I was but a youngster, he said, if I did not leave off my wicked ways, I should certainly come to the gal-

lows; and he never ceases telling me I have sold my precious soul for this world's dirt."

"Your uncle cannot tell you this, Dennis," said sir Arthur, "for he has been dead many a long year."

"That does not signify, O'Niel," replied Sullivan; "I have disturbed him in his grave—he is always beside me—I see him now—there he stands—he shakes his white locks at me; don't you see him, O'Niel?"

"No, Dennis," replied sir Arthur; "neither do you see him—it is your conscience, man, that conjures up this phantom. Oeh, Dennis, honey, confess your sins—be after making your mind clear of its iniquity, and you will find your uncle, good soul! lies quiet enough in his grave."

"But I swore to Dungannon on the book," said Sullivan.

"It is a far greater sin, sure," returned sir Arthur, "to keep a wicked oath than to break it."

"I have

"I have taken and spent Dungannon's gold," said Sullivan.

"Och, sure, and that can be no sort of obstacle to your clearing your conscience!" returned sir Arthur—"you can return him the gold, Dennis."

"No, I can never return it," said Sullivan; "it is gone—it is spent—it flew away like dust, sure, and I can give no account how or where."

"Money taken for bad purposes never spends well, Dennis," said sir Arthur. "But how much gold did the villain give you to buy your silence?"

"How should you know what Dungannon gave me the gold for? did I tell you? have I broke my oath?" asked Sullivan, with a wild look of terror.

"I should be glad, Dennis," replied sir Arthur, "if you would tell me how much gold you received from Dungannon to conceal his marriage with Rhoda O'Niel."

"Gold! what gold?" said Sullivan; "who was saying any thing at all about gold?"

gold? I see how it is, O'Niel—you have a design on my soul—you want to tempt me to my own perdition. The old man told me last night the devil was waiting for me, but I shall be after keeping him away as long as I can."

"Poor miserable creature!" returned Sir Arthur, "by persisting in concealing your sin, you keep the devil in your conscience. Have you lost all sense of the religion in which you were brought up?"

"No," said Sullivan, groaning—"no, O'Niel, I have not; how can I forget, when, I tell you, I see him all the while? There, look, he stands by the window—he comes to warn me not to break the oath I swore on the book to Dungannon."

"He comes to warn you," replied O'Niel, "that, if you do not confess, you are lost to all eternity."

"Go, go," said Sullivan, shuddering, and hiding his face with his hands—"go your ways, O'Niel; for I know you are an agent of the evil one, sent on purpose to

to tempt me to forfeit my soul—nay, perhaps you are the enemy himself, come to persuade me to perdition. I went out this morning with an intention to make my mind easy by confession; but the old man stood by the priest's door, and would not let me enter; he told me plainly, that, if I confessed, my soul would be lost."

"Look up, Dennis," returned sir Arthur—"the evil one dares not make this sign; look up, I charge you, and hear me, in the name of your Redeemer, invite you to make your peace with him."

Sullivan groaned, and fell to the ground.

Sir Arthur called aloud for assistance, and Mrs. O'Conner, who had been listening at the door, burst into the room; but not being able, with their joint efforts, to raise Sullivan to a chair, she was obliged to call James.

Mrs. O'Conner was very unwilling to answer any questions relative to Sullivan's health; but James, in spite of her frowns, informed sir Arthur that his master did not

not eat enough to keep life and soul together; that he frequently went a whole day and never tasted food; and that he slept very little, for he heard him walking about his room, and talking to himself, half the night.

It was many minutes before Sullivan shewed any signs of life, and Mrs. O'Conner made much opposition to a doctor being called in; she said her husband was very often in them there sort of fits, and she knew well enough how to manage him; and that O'Conner had a great aversion to doctors' stuff, and never would take any. But on sir Arthur declaring he would not leave the house till he had heard the opinion of a medical man on his case, Mrs. O'Conner was constrained to send James for the apothecary, who lived at the bottom of the street.

"You surely are not this wretched man's wife?" said O'Niel; "why, a stranger would express more feeling!"

"What, you think one can't feel, I suppose,"

suppose," replied she, "unless one cries, and makes a great fuss. I have seen O'Conner in this way often, and he always comes to himself again; and so he would now, without my being put to the expence of a doctor."

James in a few moments returned, with Mr. Sandford the apothecary, who having felt Sullivan's pulse, shook his head, rested his chin on the gold head of his cane, and said—"The gentleman is very ill."

"Hu-m-ph!" returned sir Arthur, surveying the disciple of Galen with a look of contempt—"so you think the gentleman is very ill?"

"Touched in the pericranium, there is much inflammation in the pia mater, the vessels that pass through the diaphragm, and the mediastinum."

"Lord defend us, what hard words!" whispered James, as he supported the head of Sullivan.

"Full of sound, and meaning nothing at all, sure," interrupted sir Arthur.

"Pardon

"Pardon me there, sir," resumed the apothecary; "I mean that the plexus choroides of the patient is affected, and prevents the pneumatosis——"

"Thunder and fire!" exclaimed sir Arthur, in a tone that made the doctor start, "can you do any thing to relieve the man's sufferings, who may die while you are after talking about what I do not understand, nor yourself neither, I believe?"

"Not understand!" repeated the doctor, scornfully snatching up his hat—"contempt thrown upon my anatomical knowledge—never was so insulted since my name was Thomas Sandford—me, who have myself been a lecturer at Surgeons' Hall, who have written a treatise on the tendons and muscles!—Good-day to you, Mrs. O'Conner!"

He was moving with all the stateliness of offended dignity to the door, when sir Arthur, placing his back against it, said—
"Not a foot shall you be after budging till you have ordered something for the relief

relief of this suffering creature. Would you leave him to die, because I will not lend my ears to your botheration about what I have no brains to comprehend?"

"You can send for some other medical gentleman," replied the apothecary.

"You are here, and you shall prescribe," said O'Niel; "or, by the powers! I will make you repent your refusal."

"Do you know who you are talking to?" asked the doctor. "I shall let you know I am not to be threatened."

"Nor shall this poor creature's life be trifled with," replied sir Arthur. "Thunder and fire! have done with your preachments, and order something to relieve him, or I shall be after breaking every bone in your skin."

The apothecary saw that sir Arthur was in earnest, and not wishing that he should put his threats in execution, he said that a warm bath would be of service, and after that, a composing draught.

There was a bath in the house, and
James

James was ordered to get it prepared as expeditiously as possible.

Sir Arthur then, in a milder tone, requested the apothecary to hasten and prepare the composing draught, at the same time promising that he should be handsomely remunerated for his attention to O'Conner.

This assurance removed the clouds from the brow of the offended apothecary, who, before he left the house, inquired of James who that fiery-tempered Irishman was, who seemed so much more interested about his master than his wife appeared to be?—Being informed that he was a baronet, and a rich man, he hurried home to prepare the medicine.

During the conversation between sir Arthur O'Niel and the apothecary, Mrs. O'Conner had displayed much uneasiness and displeasure; after the doctor's departure, she told sir Arthur there was no sort of occasion to trouble him to stay, for she could take care of her husband without

out any one's interference; that Mr. O'Conner was subject to fits, but they never lasted more than an hour or two, and then a little sleep made him quite well.

"Hu-m-ph!" replied O'Niel, "I beg to tell you, Mrs. O'Conner, since that is the name you choose to be known by, I shall see every thing proper done for this unhappy man before I take my departure. I see plain enough sure that you are a very hard-hearted sort of a woman, and I believe you are a very artful one."

Mrs. O'Conner fired up—she did not understand being talked to in that insulting way, and in her own house too!

"Will you swear that you are this man's wife?" asked sir Arthur.

"To be sure I will, on all the Bibles in England," replied she. "And who are you, pray, that have the insolence to question my being O'Conner's wife?"

"Och, by the powers!" said sir Arthur, "I shall very soon be after letting you know who I am, and shewing you my authority

authority for asking the question. But go your ways, woman, and see that every thing is made comfortable for this miserable soul after he has been in the bath."

Mrs. O'Conner was not a servant—she did not choose to be ordered about. Who was he, pray, that took so much upon him? what right had he to command about him in her house?—she knew what to do for her own husband, without his advice and orders.

Mrs. O'Conner's utter want of feeling for Sullivan, who gave no other sign of existence than uttering every now and then a heavy groan, provoked sir Arthur to tell her—"I will shortly compel you not only to prove your marriage, but also to give an account of this unfortunate man's property, which I find you are wasting in a shameful way, upon a fellow you call your brother."

"You shall be made to prove your words, you impudent Irish bogtrotter!" bawled Mrs. O'Conner; "and I insist upon
on

on it that you leave the house this moment, or I will send for a constable to take you away."

Before sir Arthur could reply to this peremptory dismissal, a loud rap at the street-door seemed to afford Mrs. O'Conner much satisfaction.—"Now, you insolent fellow! I shall see whether I am to be insulted and abused in my own house; that is my brother's rap—he will soon shove you neck and heels into the street."

Sullivan, utterly incapable of speaking, turned his eyes wildly from the one to the other, and as the parlour-door opened to admit a smart dapper young man, he groaned, and seemed much distressed at his presence.

"Oh, Tom!" said Mrs. O'Conner, "I am monstrous glad you are come. Here is an impudent Irish fellow, that I never set eyes on before in all my life, has had the insolence to——"

Tom, as she called him, had caught a glimpse of the impudent Irish fellow she intended

intended he should thrust neck and shoulders out of the house, and would most gladly have made his retreat; but not aware of his wish, she held him by the arm, and sir Arthur got between him and the door.

“What the plague, are you struck dumb?” continued Mrs. O’Conner; “why, what do you mean, to let me be insulted, you poor, sneaking, cowardly——”

Sir Arthur interrupted this abusive speech by saying—“So, Mr. Millar, I really did not expect to meet you here; I supposed you were by this time in New Holland.”

The man looked confounded, and in an humble tone confessed he had made his escape while the ship lay wind-bound in the Downs, and hoped sir Arthur would not deliver him up to justice.

“That,” replied sir Arthur, “depends entirely on the truth with which you answer the questions I shall put to you. Is this woman your sister?”

“Yes,

"Yes, I am your sister, Tom—you know I am," said Mrs. O'Conner.

"Silence, woman!" resumed sir Arthur.
"I repeat the question, Millar—is she your sister?"

Millar, without daring to look at Mrs. O'Conner, replied—"No, your honour—she is no relation of mine."

"Is she that unhappy man's wife?" asked sir Arthur.

Sullivan shook his head.

Mrs. O'Conner began to rave and protest she was O'Conner's lawful-married wife.

Sir Arthur again bade her hold her peace, and repeated the question to Millar, who said she was the wife of a soldier then quartered at Chatham.

"I thank you for the honesty of your replies," said sir Arthur; "and on condition that you remove her instantly from this house——"

Sullivan suddenly grasped the arm of
sir

sir Arthur, and with violent effort articulated the words—"Yes, go now."

"You hear, woman," said sir Arthur, "that it is the wish of O'Conner that you quit his house directly."

"He is delirious," returned Mrs. O'Conner, "and does not know what he wishes. If I was to leave him, when he comes to himself, he would break his heart."

"Millar," resumed sir Arthur, "you are sensible I could deliver you again into the hands of justice; but if you expect any lenity from me, you must take away this woman instantly."

"He is a fool and a coward," exclaimed she, "if he suffers you to give him up. What! did you make your escape from the middle of all those men the law set to guard you, Tom, and are you to be brow-beat and commanded by this old fellow? Pluck up your spirit, man; we can soon settle him, if you will only be quick about it."

Millar

Millar did not seem inclined to aid Mrs. O'Conner's design of settling sir Arthur; he told her he was determined to pursue a new course, for he had got nothing but disgrace and poverty by following bad counsel; and as sir Arthur O'Niel had the power to send her away, he thought it was best she should go quietly.

This advice was so far from proving agreeable to Mrs. O'Conner, that she caught up the poker, and swore she would strike down the first person that attempted to put her out of the house. James at that instant entered the room, and being a strong athletic man, succeeded in disarming Mrs. O'Conner, who fought like a tigress to retain the poker.

James said the bath would be ready in a quarter of an hour, and Sullivan, to the astonishment of sir Arthur, started from his seat, and stood firmly on his legs.

"There! I told you he would come to without a doctor," said Mrs. O'Conner. Then turning to Sullivan, in a fawning

accent she asked him what authority that Irish brute had to order her to quit the house—her who had left such tender friends, and given up such offers, for his sake, and loved him so dearly?

“Yes,” replied Sullivan—“yes, you have been after proving your love for me, sure, by robbing and plundering me to give to that spalpeen you called your brother; but go your ways—you have been a bitter bargain to me—you have been a viper that I have cherished in my bosom to sting me; I have been quite blind to your art and your cunning, but I now see plainly what a fool you have made of me; go directly out of my house, and never venture into my sight again.”

“Go away!” repeated she, pretending to weep, “where am I to go to, my dear Mr. O’Conner, without friends and without money? You can never be so cruel to part from your own Bessy to please a stranger.”

Sullivan replied, that her having for so
many

many weeks imposed Millar upon him as her brother, which he never should have had the luck to find out but for the humane interposition of sir Arthur O'Niel, had steeled his heart against her; she was now hateful in his eyes and his thoughts, and if she did not instantly quit the house, he would have both her and her pretended brother taken into custody.

"And that will only prove a hanging matter to Mr. Millar," rejoined sir Arthur; "for he was tried at the Old Bailey for a robbery, and sentenced to seven years transportation; and having returned before he reached the place of his destination, will certainly swing for his pains."

Millar fell on his knees, entreating mercy, at the same time promising to make an important disclosure if he should be allowed to escape.

Mrs. O'Conner, aware of the discovery he was about to make, grew outrageous, and in the grossest language abused Millar, swearing that, since she found he was

such a cowardly mean rascal, she would inform against him herself, that she might have the pleasure of seeing him swing.

Having received an assurance of safety from sir Arthur O'Niel, Millar proceeded to state, that Mrs. O'Conner had secured for herself, in the Bank of England, twelve hundred pounds, which she had plundered from time to time from her husband, as she called him, who always entrusted his money to her care; and knowing his yearly income depended on his keeping some secret, which she could by no means prevail upon him to disclose, she had used every art to prevent his ever betraying it; and finding that he was grown melancholy and hypochondriac, and often talked of the good precepts he received in his youth from his uncle, a Catholic priest, she used to dress Millar up according to the description he had given her of the old man, and make him, when the moon shone into his chamber, stand at the foot of O'Conner's bed, and tell him that the devil was constantly

constantly upon the watch to carry him away, the moment he divulged the secrets entrusted to his keeping. This deception had occasioned the first fit O'Conner ever had; and by continuing every now and then to terrify him, he became at last persuaded that the spectre of his uncle never left him, and that he saw him everywhere.

This disclosure of Millar's Mrs. O'Conner had, with fearful execrations and violent rage, endeavoured to interrupt, but in vain; and before it was well concluded, Sullivan relapsed into insensibility. With the look and gesture of a fiend, Mrs. O'Conner wished he might never open his eyes again; and in that defenceless state would have struck him on the head, but for the timely prevention of James, who forcibly held her hands.

Sir Arthur O'Niel now assured Millar, if he was sincere in his promise of reformation, he would procure him a grant of land in America, on proviso that he separated

rated himself then, and for ever, from Mrs. O'Conner.

Millar confessed that he had been acquainted with her from childhood, and that she had instigated him to the depredation that had sentenced him to transportation; he assured sir Arthur that he was sincere in his intention to reform, and would never, from that moment, if he could help it, see Mrs. O'Conner again.

Sir Arthur then drew him aside, and giving him a bank-note, bade him immediately change his lodgings, that she might not find him out; and having appointed a time and place to see him again, dismissed him, with an admonition to sin no more.

Mrs. O'Conner shrieked, and tore, and reviled sir Arthur, and insisted on being allowed to depart with Millar. Sir Arthur said he could not dispense with her most agreeable company, till she had delivered into his keeping the documents necessary for

for reclaiming the money she had stolen from Sullivan, and placed in the bank, in her own name. The fear of being sent to prison at length prevailed; and after a thousand times denying the fact, Mrs. O'Conner threw the papers in sir Arthur's face, who having coolly examined them, ordered a hackney-coach to the door; he then saw every thing that really belonged to her placed in it, and Mrs. O'Conner was suffered to accompany her trunks wherever she pleased.

The doctor arrived as the coach was driving from the door, and expressed his astonishment that Mrs. O'Conner should go from home when her husband was so ill.

Sullivan was placed in the bath, where he soon recovered his recollection, and inquired if the fiend was gone. Being assured that she had actually left him, he expressed much satisfaction, and said it was now possible that he might recover his health, which her arts had broken
 O. 5. down.

down. His bed being prepared, he took the composing draught, and sir Arthur watched by him till he saw him sink into tranquil sleep. Sir Arthur then dispatched a messenger to Stanhope-street, to inform Mr. Dungannon that he should not be able to return to town that night, and to request that he would come out to Chelsea in the morning.

Sir Arthur found there was no want of catables and drinkables in the house, though poor Sullivan seemed to have lost all relish for either; and having, in his solicitude for him, entirely forgotten dinner, contrary to his usual custom, sir Arthur ate a hearty supper; and being provided with a good bed, he retired to repose, leaving James to pass the night in Sullivan's apartment, with a strict injunction to rouse him, should any alteration take place: but the night wore away tranquilly, and in the morning James informed sir Arthur that his master had frequently, in his sleep, mentioned the names of Lord Austinco-art

Austincourt and Mr. Dungannon, and of general Fitzallan, and muttered something about having murdered a lady, but he could not recollect her name.

Sir Arthur sighed, and thought of his unfortunate sister; for he concluded it was her of whom Sullivan spoke in his dreams, for having been an agent in her misfortunes, it was natural she should often be present to his imagination.

After breakfast, the first idea of sir Arthur was to send for a Catholic priest. To this gentleman, a pious, sensible man, whose name was Franklin, sir Arthur disclosed the full history of Rhoda O'Niel, and the disgrace and loss her son must sustain, should the witnesses to her marriage with the honourable Mr. Dungannon, now lord Enniscorth, of which Denis Sullivan was one, withhold their evidence at the impending trial.

Lucius Dungannon arrived before this recital was finished, and Mr. Franklin, already impressed in his favour, sincerely

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hoped

hoped that he should be able to prevail on Sullivan to acknowledge he was present at a marriage on which so much of the future happiness of so interesting a young man depended.

The gentlemen had entered Sullivan's apartment a few moments before he awoke; his first words were—"Take her away—I have bade her leave the house—her tongue distracts my head."

"Whose tongue? who do you mean, sir?" asked James, drawing back the curtain of the bed.

"Mean?" repeated Sullivan, rolling his eyes round the room, "I mean Bessy O'Conner. I heard her voice; where is she?"

"Gone, sir," replied James.

"What! left the house, not to return?" said Sullivan, staring wildly.

"Yes, sir—gone away, for good and all," replied James—"pack and package."

"Och, sure, and that is the best news I have heard this many a long day!" resumed Sullivan;

Sullivan; "I have got rid of one torment then—she was a jade, a Jezebel; great luck to him that sent her away! Yes, yes, I have a confused remembrance—but, after all, sure, perhaps I have only been dreaming."

Sir Arthur O'Niel now took the place of James by the bedside, and inquired of Sullivan if he had rested well, and how he felt.

"Then it was no dream," said Sullivan; "and I am indebted to you, O'Niel, for releasing me from a great big plague—ooh! that woman was a limb of Satan himself sure; but she is gone, and it does not signify being after troubling you with an account of what a torment she was to me; neither do I deserve, O'Niel, that you should take any trouble about me at all, for I am a lost man, and can never do any good in this world."

"Dennis," returned sir Arthur, "when we were boys together, do you remember your mother's house taking fire?"

"I must

"I must have a very bad memory, sure," replied Sullivan, "if I forgot that; och, honey, we should have lost every thing we had, if you had not assisted us; you were after carrying out my lame mother in your arms, and got your leg and your arm burned in dragging me from the middle of the flames—Forget! no, saint Patrick forbid I should be so ungrateful as to forget!"

"I do not wish, Dennis," said sir Arthur, "to remind you of the little services I had the good fortune to render you in that hour of trouble—I only wish to know if you recollect the promise you made your mother, as she lay on her deathbed; for you are sensible she never was well after that night of distress and terror."

"Sure and I know that very well," replied Sullivan; "and I know too that I was after making my mother many promises, and that I never kept one of them. Och, the jewel of a creature!" continued he, sighing heavily, "she gave me plenty of
of

of good advice, sure; but I was wicked from my very cradle, and thoughtless, and wild, and my relations were always in trouble about me."

"But a promise made to a dying mother, Dennis," resumed sir Arthur, "should be remembered, and faithfully observed."

"Let me alone, O'Niel," exclaimed Sullivan—"don't be after probing my conscience—it is sore enough already."

"The promise I allude to, Dennis," resumed sir Arthur, "was that you would never see O'Niel in trouble, without doing all in your power to help me out of it."

"Sure and if your house had been on fire," said Sullivan, "I would have been after fetching you out, if I had lost my life in the flames; but you know I never saw you in any danger at all; or if you had wanted food, or lodging, or clothes, I would have begged, or even stole, for your necessities. I did promise the old woman, peace to her soul! that I would serve you; but you are a rich man, O'Niel,
and

and can want nothing from a poor creature like me?"

Sir Arthur beckoned Dungannon to approach.—“Look at this young man, Dennis.”

“Holy saint Patrick!” said Sullivan, crossing himself as he fixed his eyes on Lucius, “that is Rhoda O’Niel’s son!”

“You are right,” returned sir Arthur —“this young man is the son of Rhoda and Dungannon; and will you, Dennis, who were one of the witnesses to that unfortunate marriage, join with his villainous father to rob him of his birthright? will you, Dennis, disregard the promise you pledged to your dying mother, and see me, your earliest friend and companion, sink to the grave oppressed with grief for the unmerited disgrace of my sister? will you assist to bastardize the grandson of Rhoderick O’Niel, who, in the time of war and famine, sheltered, fed, and fought for your parents?”

“Och, be quiet now,” replied Sullivan,

“and

"and don't be after breaking my heart; I have sworn upon the book to Dungannon—I have received his gold."

"Do not let that prevent you from doing an act of justice, Dennis," said sir Arthur; "name the sum you received, and you shall be enabled to repay it."

Sullivan's eyes glanced rapidly from sir Arthur to Lucius, twice his lips moved, but at last he muttered—"No, no, I must not—I dare not; the evil one is watching and listening—he is ready to snatch me away."

Dungannon sunk on his knees, and clasping his hands, said—"Think you behold my injured mother imploring you to vindicate her fame; think that she died heartbroken and in poverty, and that her spirit will appeal against you, at that tremendous day when every secret shall be disclosed—when all the miseries and mortifications that have attended my youth, and may follow up my manhood, will stand in terrible array against you."

Sullivan

Sullivan appeared greatly distressed;—
“I swore an oath on the book,” said he;
“would you desire me to perjure my
soul?”

“I yesterday conversed with Shela Conolly,” resumed Dungannon; “she will swear that, with herself, you were a witness to my mother’s marriage.”

“Och, the creature, Shela Conolly!” exclaimed Sullivan, “is she come back alive from the Indies?—But it’s joking you are after, I believe.”

“No, on my sacred honour,” rejoined sir Arthur; “Shela Conolly is at this moment in London; and though you, Dennis, obstinately persist in refusing your evidence, I shall take care that you shall meet her in court; and, confronted with her, you must of course confess, when put to your oath, that you were present when your uncle joined the hands of Rhoda O’Niel and——”

“Och, now, and sure, if that is the case,” interrupted Sullivan, “it is all up
with

with Dungannon, and my keeping my oath will be of no sort of consequence to him."

"But it will be at the peril of your immortal soul," said Mr. Franklin, advancing to the bedside, "if you should depart this life with a wicked concealment on your conscience; you assuredly are in danger of perdition, if you obstinately persist in adding to the sin of an iniquitous oath, by refusing to right the orphan and assist the oppressed."

"Satan is sure of me—I am lost every way," exclaimed Sullivan, cold drops of perspiration starting upon his forehead; "if I keep my oath with Dungannon, I shall go to punishment for the injury I do this youth; and if I break it, my soul will be lost for perjury."

"That," replied Mr. Franklin, "is a wrong argument. Do good, as an atonement for evil; render justice, and your perjury will be forgiven."

"Och that ever I was born!" continued Sullivan;

Sullivan; "and because I had not sinned enough of my own sure, my conscience must be burthened with other people's; what had I to do with their affairs and their secrets? I am a lost soul—I must go to the bottomless pit—nothing can save me; I am sick in my body, but that is nothing at all to the soreness of my conscience."

"Cast away the perilous load that burdens it, Dennis," said sir Arthur; "make confession of your sins, and forsake them; your body will then partake of the health of your mind."

"Think, should you die in your present obdurate state," resumed Mr. Franklin, "that you must pass from this world to certain perdition."

During the persuasions of sir Arthur and Mr. Franklin, Lucius had stood silently meditating on the inflexible obstinacy of Sullivan, from whom it appeared he had nothing to hope; the restless eyes of Sullivan rolled from the face of Mr. Franklin

Franklin to that of sir Arthur, and at last fixed on the countenance of Lucius, which, from contemplating the scene before him, was impressed with the deepest melancholy; for he not only thought of the injury done to himself, but of the situation of Sullivan, whose extreme superstition robbed his life of every enjoyment, and made him think on death as the entrance to everlasting punishment.—“ You are silent,” said Sullivan, continuing to gaze on Lucius, “ but your looks speak, for you have the dark eyes of Rhoda O’Niel. Will you swear to me on the book that you have seen Shela Conolly ?”

“ I will,” replied Lucius; “ and more, I will fetch her hither, that you may yourself converse with her.”

“ No,” returned Sullivan—“ no; I have no wish at all to see her; she did not take gold to keep Dungannon’s secret, but, worse luck for me! I did. I went abroad too, but I was never happy, though, while the gold lasted, I led what they call a life of

of pleasure—I kept grand company, and example and persuasion made me what I am. Ooh! sure now and I wish I could begin my life over again!”

“Begin now to live,” rejoined Mr. Franklin; “it is not yet too late to amend the evil you have committed.”

“Send for a priest,” said Sullivan, starting up in his bed—“I will inquire of him what I ought to do.”

“This gentleman is a priest,” replied sir Arthur; “to him, Dennis, you can open your mind; and may Heaven grant you grace to make confession, more for the sake of your own soul than for the benefit of our cause!—Come, Lucius, let us retire.”

They were moving towards the door, when Sullivan vociferated—“Stop, O’Niel; did not you say that the money Dungan-non gave me should be paid back to him?”

“Every marvedi,” replied sir Arthur; “only be after naming the sum, Dennis, and I will repay it.”

“It

"It was five hundred pounds he gave me," returned Sullivan; "and I swore on the book that I would quit Ireland, and never return, and that I would quite and clean forsake the name of Sullivan; so I turned my back on Connaught. But it was cursed money—it sold me to evil; for, after I left my own country, I led a wicked life."

"And for this five hundred pounds," asked Mr. Franklin, "what did you bind yourself to perform?"

"Nothing at all sure," returned Sullivan; "ask O'Niel—he knows I never was given to application or industry—no, I swore to Dungannon never to tell O'Niel, or any of his friends, that I was present when my uncle married him, and I never will tell it; so be after fetching me a pen and ink—I did not swear I would not write it—och sure and I can be after cheating the devil that way, you know!"

The writing-materials were placed before him—he dipped the pen in the ink,
but

but suddenly replacing it in the standish, he turned to sir Arthur, and said,—"How shall I be certain that you will pay the money back to Dungannon?"

"To make you sure," replied sir Arthur, taking out his pocketbook, "I will give you a check on my banker."

"No," returned Sullivan, putting back sir Arthur's hand; "sure now and I ought to be ashamed of myself, to doubt the honour of O'Niel, a Milesian! Pay the money to Dungannon yourself." He then began to write, while anxious hope sat on the faces of sir Arthur and his nephew, and that of Mr. Franklin beamed with pious joy, for his thoughts were full of Heaven's mercy, that had in this act begun the conversion of a sinner.

Sullivan was some time before he had completed his written confession of having assisted at the nuptials of Rhonda O'Niel with the heir of Enniscoorth; but, witnessed by Mr. Franklin, James, and the doctor, who arrived while it was reading,

ing, the important document was at last placed in the hands of sir Arthur O'Neil, who triumphantly embraced his nephew, exclaiming—"Your mother's fame is restored, and your rights beyond dispute secured."

But Lucius was not in a state to partake his uncle's extravagant joy—the agitation he had endured was too powerful for his frame, and he sunk, pale and faint, on sir Arthur's shoulder. The apothecary declared it was proper that he should be bled immediately, for joy was often more deleterious than sorrow; and it was evident, from the case before them, that the action of the arteries leading from the heart to the brain——"

Sir Arthur was in too much concern for his nephew not to interrupt this tiresome speech.—"Botheration, man! be after making use of your own brain," said he—"fire and thunder! get something to recover the poor lad, who is dying of nothing at all sure but joy!"

P

Lucius

Lucius came sufficiently to himself to protest against phlebotomy, before the apothecary had tied up his arm, while Sullivan having relapsed into despondency, declared his uncle stood beside his pillow, and whispered in his ear that the devil was waiting for him, and that nothing could save his soul, now he had been guilty of perjury. This fit of raving was, as usual, succeeded by insensibility; and sir Arthur and Mr. Dungannon being assured by James that he had seen him in this state two or three times a-day, particularly when flurried or put out of temper, entertained no apprehensions for his life; but leaving the unhappy man under the care of Mr. Franklin, they returned to London, when not being exactly satisfied with the skill and judgment of the Chelsea apothecary, sir Arthur sent to request his own physician would attend the miserable Sullivan.

Lord Enniscorth, since the night of the opera, had been seized with frequent fits

of thinking; his mind was continually making comparisons between the injured buried Rhoda and the fury he had deserted her to obtain; and while he contemplated the presuming illiterate blockhead her son, his conscience loudly reproached him with the injustice he was doing the fine elegant young man, his lawful heir. These reflections so constantly pursued his lordship, that they entirely took away his appetite, and in great measure his love of the bottle, for he now went sober to bed; and her ladyship's rest was disturbed by his groans and half-uttered exclamations of regret for his past vices.

Lady Enniscorth had for some time entertained doubts of the legality of her marriage, but making herself certain that no witnesses would appear to set aside her son's right of succession, she felt no repugnance to living in dishonour, as long as the world believed her, and she enjoyed the rank and privileges of a wife; but now lord Enniscorth's own imbecility of mind

placed her in continual danger, and, fearing not only for her own reputation, but her son's future establishment, she came at once to the resolution of returning to the Continent, as the most politic and secure plan to prevent the spies and adherents of the O'Niels from taking advantage of his lordship's melancholy, and drawing him into confessions that would utterly disgrace her, and ruin the prospects of her son; she therefore lost no time in proposing to lord Enniscorth a foreign tour, as the most likely expedient to restore his own and Nugent's health, and of getting entirely rid of the cabal raised by the O'Niel party against them. Lord Enniscorth declared his readiness to attend her to whatever part of the globe she pleased, and her ladyship began to make preparations for going abroad as soon as the important trial should be over, which she had never allowed herself to think of but as a complete triumph over the insolent pretensions of the O'Niels. Not so
lord

Lord Enniscorth; he had many dark forebodings that the hour of his exposure drew near, and he thought of the approaching trial with sensations of terror, that frequently threw him into cold perspirations, and made him start and look wildly round him, as if he expected to see the ghost of Rhoda, his injured wife, risen from her grave to demand justice for her son; he recollected too that he had seen Dennis Sullivan at his banker's, and he dreaded that he would witness against him.

Mr. Nugent Dungannon, though weak and sickly, was much attached to the pomps and vanities of life; proud, imperious, and obstinate, like his mother, he had resisted all persuasion to decline an aquatic excursion, to which he was invited by a gay party; full of the vain desire to be more conspicuous than his companions, he seated himself on the edge of the boat, which unfortunately ran foul of the one filled with musicians, and was upset. Im-

mediate assistance being obtained, every life was saved except Nugent Dungan-
non's, who was borne a corpse to his fa-
ther's house, which he had left only a few
hours before, in defiance of his mother,
who insisted on his joining the party with
which she had engaged to spend the day.

Lord Enniscorth was in the library,
giving some fresh instructions to his soli-
citor, when the breathless body of Nugent
Dungannon was brought into the hall;
the tumult and outcry of the servants,
who neglected to answer his bell, which
he had rung repeatedly, constrained his
lordship to make an inquiry in person in-
to the cause of such unusual noise and
negligence; his first step into the hall
gave him a distinct view of the corpse of
his son; lord Enniscorth turned pale as
the lifeless form before him.—“ This,” ex-
claimed he, “ is retribution: Heaven is
just.” He then, with melancholy calm-
ness, ordered the corpse to be carried up
stairs, and placed in the drawing-room;

he next dispatched a servant after lady Enniscorth, to request her immediate return home, but with a strict injunction to the footman not to inform her of the dreadful accident that had happened. His lordship having seen his orders obeyed, returned to the library, and requested his amazed solicitor to write what he should dictate to him. This was scarcely finished, and signed by his lordship, before lady Enniscorth, whose temper had been previously discomposed by a run of ill luck at cards, made her appearance, and in a very imperious tone demanded why she had been sent for.—“ I really thought,” said she, “ your lordship had been dying, or dead.”

Lord Enniscorth, with a look of stern composure, bade her take a seat.—“ I have sent for you, madam,” said he, “ to hear my last will.”

“ Ridiculous!” replied she—“ I have heard it already.”

“ Never,” said lord Enniscorth, pushing a parchment into the fire—“ the will I

now commit to the flames you have heard read."

Lady Enniscorth, starting up, exclaimed—"The man is certainly mad;" and would have dragged the parchment from the fire, but it was already so shrivelled and scorched as to be illegible.

"No, madam, I am not mad," said he—"I have just recovered my senses, and I insist that you remain silent, and hear this gentleman read my last will."

Her ladyship's astonishment tied her tongue, and the solicitor proceeded to read:

"Being in my perfect senses, I declare the marriage I contracted at Paris with Lucinda Denham illegal, my lawful wife, Rhoda Dungannon, being at that time living; I also declare Lucius Dungannon, born of my marriage with the aforesaid Rhoda, the legal heir to my title and estates. (Signed) ENNISCORTH.

"Witnessed by THOMAS FULHAM."

Lady

lady Emmisforth shrieked, and would have torn the document of her disgrace from the hands of the solicitor; but having before received instructions, Mr. Fulham placed the paper in his pocket, and made a hasty retreat, leaving his lordship to endure the storm of fury that was pouring upon him. With a countenance unmoved, and in unbroken silence, he suffered her rage to exhaust itself in execrations and revilings; and when no longer able to rave, she sunk breathless on a seat.

His lordship calmly said—"I acknowledge I am every thing—nay, even worse than you represent me; for I deserted an angel, mild, gentle, and affectionate—I abandoned my lawful wife, to attach myself to a fiend—a fury, for such you have proved to me; you have been the scourge of my offence—Nay, nay," perceiving her about to speak, "I have not yet told you all, and there will be time enough for your revilings. I again repeat, I was lawfully married

married to Rhoda O'Neil, and her son is my heir."

"Villain! monster!" resumed lady Enniscorth; "and my son, what is to become of him?"

"Your son is provided for," replied lord Enniscorth—"he will not offer a single objection to my arrangements."

"Liar!" exclaimed she—"it is false—he will not so meanly submit to disgrace—he will not be so contemptible. But if he is so sunk, so degraded, my spirit shall rouse him."

"Your spirit will have no effect on him," said lord Enniscorth—"he resigns his assumed rights. Go, madam, be satisfied that I speak truth—go, your son waits you in the drawing-room."

"He shall attend me here," replied lady Enniscorth, advancing to pull the bell—"he shall assist me to heap curses on the head of his villainous father."

"No," replied lord Enniscorth, mourn-
fully,

fully, shaking his head—"no, Nugent will never assist you to curse me, neither will he attend you here. Go, madam—I wish to be alone."

For some moments lady Enniscorth struggled to reach the bell, but finding she could not in that way succeed to summon the servants, she rushed out of the library, calling on her son.

Lord Enniscorth had sent for his confessor, and while he waited his arrival, he sat listening to the shrieks of lady Enniscorth, who had entered the drawing-room with a heart swelling with rancour and indignation. The breathless form of him she had sought to upbraid met her sight, and her rage was changed at once to cries of horror, and wailings of lamentation. In the meantime the confessor having been introduced to his presence, lord Enniscorth made a full confession that he had used many stratagems to subdue the virtue of Rhoda O'Niel, whom he had married, because he could not seduce her ;
he

he also acknowledged that Lucius Duncannon was the offspring of that marriage, though he had neglected, and at last cruelly deserted, his wife and son, considering them impediments in the way of his pleasures and of his interest—lady Lucinda Denham, with a large fortune at her own disposal, having encouraged his attentions, and offered him her hand, provided he parted entirely from his wife, whom he had always declared was his mistress. Lord Enniscorth also confessed having written a letter to his unfortunate wife, promising to settle on her a handsome annuity for life, provided she consented to deny their marriage, and gave up her boy to his care; but, on the contrary, if she refused the terms he offered, he would find means to force the child from her, and effectually silence any claims she might be inclined to make upon him.

“On the receipt of this letter,” said lord Enniscorth, “the injured Rhoda left our residence near Paris with her boy, and
never

never applied to me afterwards. In a few weeks I married lady Lucinda Denham, and shortly found I had exchanged happiness for misery ; she has been the avenger of my deserted Rhoda, of whose decease I never heard till this winter ; nor did I know of the existence of my son, till accident introduced him to my knowledge. I charge you," continued lord Enniscorth, " make my confession public ; I owe this reparation to the fame of the much-injured Rhoda, and the establishment of my son's rights."

Lord Enniscorth paused ; the good priest vainly inquired whether he was truly penitent for the crimes he had confessed—the only notice his lordship took of these pious interrogations was to heave deep sighs, and wave his hand to him to depart. The priest offered to pray beside him, but, starting from his seat, lord Enniscorth left the room, saying—" Go, offer up your prayers for those who hope to be forgiven—condole with afflictions that may be
 consoled ;

consoled; I have sinned beyond the power of man to absolve—I have griefs which human arguments can never remove.”

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